No. 1910—Vol. 74

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

January 1, 1898

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by Ingram Brothers, 198, Strand, aforesaid.

NEW YEAR STORIES IN THE "P.I.P.":

G. R. Sims' Powerful "Sheriff's Tale," and a Law Courts Sensation, "The Klondyke Case."

THE RUSSIANS AT PORT ARTHUR, AND THE BRITISH FLEET IN CHINESE WATERS: "JACK'S THE BOY FOR WORK, JACK'S THE BOY FOR PLAY."

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

Talk of London.

JACK AND THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

JACK and his brave comrade-in-arms, "Poor Joe, the Marine"—guided by the strong and prudent right hand of the Marquis of Salisbury—may be safely relied upon to look keenly after a fresh bit of the dear old willow-pattern plate for Old England when the moment comes. The seizure by Germany of Kiao-Chau, and by Russia of Port Arthur, could assuredly not be allowed to remain unnoticed by the British Government. It is surmised that our Prime Minister is sagaciously acting in concert with Japan in Chinese waters. The Japs certainly proved their valour and skill in war sufficiently in the late campaign against China to render them congenial and desirable allies in the Far East. Be that as it may, I am sure that it will be a pleasure to home-stayers to scan our Illustration of Jack enjoying himself in the Chinese seas; and I am equally certain it will be of interest to our myriad readers to note what our own "Blue Peter" has to say on the topic of the moment—

The British Fleet on the China Station.

Exactly what may happen in China no one knows; the rumours of one day are flatly contradicted the next, and then repeated. It is clear, however, by the gradual concentration of naval forces in the far East that something is anticipated in certain quarters. Our own fleet there is a fairly large one, consisting of the first-class battle-ship *Centurion*, Admiral Buller's flag-ship, carrying four 29-ton guns and ten 4·7 in.; the *Grafton*, which carries the flag of Rear-Admiral Oxley, mounts a couple of 22-tonners and ten 6 in. quick-firers; the *Undaunted*, *Immortalité*, and *Narcissus* are sister ships carrying a similar armament to the *Grafton*. They are to some extent ironclads, as they have a small belt of armour protecting the engines amidships, but their guns have no protection. The famous *Powerful*, with two 22-ton and twelve 6-in. quick-firers, is a well-known ship and possibly the best all-round fighter of the lot. Nearly all her guns have strong armour protection. The other three ships are second-class cruisers, carrying each two 6-in. and six 4·7-in. guns—all quick-firers. Though not so fast as the *Powerful*, they are as swift, or swifter, than any foreign vessels on the station. Besides these vessels, there are a number of gun-boats not intended for fighting purposes, but merely to act as a kind of police of the seas. The cruiser *Edgar*, a sister ship to the *Grafton*, and two destroyers are also en route for China from the Mediterranean—a useful reinforcement in case of need.

THE COMICAL CANINE FOOTBALL PLAYER AT WULFF'S CIRCUS, AND WHAT HAS COME OF HIS EXAMPLE.

The Barnum and Bailey Show at Olympia

is beyond question the most extraordinary combination of entertainments London has been regaled with since the late Mr. Phineas T. Barnum "took the biscuit" under the same roof some few years ago. You may find some dull quarters of an hour at other places of amusement: I defy you to do so at Olympia under Mr. J. A. Bailey's masterly reign. Never can a grander shilling's-worth have been given in the history of the world's recreations. With so many holiday programmes demanding review, it is impossible to pick out more than the plums from the biggest of the festive puddings, just by way of calling attention to our indefatigable Artists' sketches. Of the unsurpassed collection of elephants and wild beasts, and the unrivalled display of human "freaks" in the Olympian Zoo (already depicted in previous *P.I.P.* Illustrations), I can now only spare space to say that the well-trained gorilla Johanna and the marvellous "Needle King" carried off the palm in this attractive department of the "World's Greatest Show." I own I have never since the days of Batty's Hippodrome at Kensington Gore in the First Exhibition year witnessed such thrilling chariot-racing as that which Mr. Bailey presents the public with in the main building at Olympia. As for the circus performances, "jumpings" by goddesses in gauze," and the rest, in no less than three big rings, with jugglers and acrobats astounding one in the spaces between them, why, they furnish forth an embarrassment of riches—still never for a moment tire one. The crowning spectacle of "The Mahdi; or, For the Victoria Cross," devised by the famous *D.T.* War Special, Mr. Bennett Burleigh, with the costumes designed by Mr. Louis Edwards, is a military drama full of life and "go" and local colour, real Arabs and Soudanese having been imported to add to the verisimilitude of the thrilling scenes of Nile life and British valour. Take my tip, and secure reserved places at Olympia at the earliest possible moment. It is an additional inducement to revisit Olympia that Messrs. Joseph Lyons and Co. are again the able refreshment caterers.

Wulff's Circus at the Palace

is another centre at which you may be bewitched by noble horsemanship. A graceful ring act on the opening day was the presentation by Manager Gillman to M. Wulff's handsome bride of an elegant basket of choice flowers. This was followed by an indescribably pretty circus ballet of comely coryphées, who might well be further employed to add variety to the subsequent superb equestrian acts by the dashing Charles Clarke and captivating Miss Magini, Mr. and Master Wulff. You cannot help roaring with laughter at the frenzied football-playing of little "Robinson," the well-trained and comical dog of Lui-Lui. The active way in which the dog rushed after the ball, and sent it spinning among the spectators, evoked much mirth—and led our Artist to draw a diverting inferential sketch. The closing novelty of the lively stag-hunt, with its water jump and realistic effects, could not fail to delight the holiday folks who flocked in large battalions to the Crystal Palace, whereat

MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S GRACEFUL PANTOMIME AT THE GARRICK.

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an exceptionally good programme is promised for the New Year.

The "Cinderella"

Mr. Oscar Barrett presented at the Garrick on Monday afternoon gave unbounded delight. A melodious overture supplied the keynote to the harmonious music with which the ever-pleasing nursery story was embellished; and among the most charming scenic recollections of the season will be the brilliant tableau of Miss Grace Cinderella Dudley's departure in her coach and four for the ball, and the magical realisation of the fête champêtre itself at which the sweetest of heroines bewitches the Prince (gallantly enacted by handsome and songful Miss Helen Bertram). If discordant, though amusing, notes were struck by Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Le Hay as the needlessly vulgar elder sisters—Miss Cicely Richards made an exemplary Good Fairy, and Miss Kate Phillips an excellent Baroness, and little Ella Moscer as the Fairy of the Slipper won general favour by her charm and clear articulation—in which respect this tiny mite set a good example to her elders on many stages. Altogether, "Cinderella" has rarely been produced more resplendently.

Old Drury's "Babes in the Wood"

proved a prodigiously liberal Boxing Night's entertainment. The great theatre was crammed, as usual. The *pot-pourri* of popular airs played by Mr. Glover's strong orchestra put the "gods" at once in good humour, and prepared all but the unconscionably late comers for the highly diverting dormitory scene. I gathered from the warmly applauded ditties Miss Ada Blanche (the Prince), Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell (the "Babes" of the pantomime) sang, with Mr. John A. Warden, the Wicked Uncle, and others, that the most popular Music-Hall songs of the period in town are, or were, "Big Ben Struck One," "A Cove what's Lived in London all his Life," "Truly Happy Married Man," "What did She Know about Railways?" "Darling Mabel," and "Poor Pa Paid"—a title that comes home to paterfamilias with especial force at this particular season. As is the Drury Lane custom, the active and experienced new manager, Mr. Arthur Collins, has been prodigally lavish in the number of his tableaux, and in the richness of the costumes; and when the redundant dialogue of Mr. A. Sturgess has been cut down, and the action quickened, the remarkably lively Fair Scene, the beautiful Orchid Ballet, and Grand Coronation will be appreciated the more, as there will be less delay in presenting these stage triumphs. After duly laughing at the amazing "vim" and drollery of Dan Leno, who has so ample a sister babe in unctuous Herbert Campbell; after admiring the graceful Marian of Miss Violet Robinson, the unflagging buoyancy of Mr. John A. Warden and Miss Ada Blanche, and stately Gertie of Miss Alice Barnett, I could have been well content to finish with the lovely Orchid Valley, in which every variety of the costly flower is radiantly represented in the magnificent costumes of M. Alias, and in which the flying performances of Madame Grigolati and attendant Ariels add the crowning touches of poetical grace and refinement. This glowing

Mr. Arthur Collins.

scene earned for Mr. Arthur Collins a richly merited call before the curtain, to which he smilingly responded.

"Peter the Great,"

at the Lyceum, on New Year's night, will attract even more attention than the pantomimes. From the moment the cast was announced everybody was eager to get an idea of the plot. Mention is made in the programme of St. Petersburg, but students of Russian history will remember that the city was not so named until many a year after Peter's death. The chief motive of Mr. Laurence Irving's tragedy is the struggle between Peter and his son, Alexis. Both acted more like barbarians than Imperial rulers. Peter was a savage in his ruthless conduct towards his own son; but Alexis was little if any better in his opposition to his Imperial father.

Mr. Laurence Irving,

Sir Henry Irving's son, has, for a youthful dramatist, displayed remarkable skill in creating human interest out of this chaotic theme in "Peter the Great." For example, he has most ingeniously brought forward Peter's wife, Eudoxia, and has introduced a grand dramatic scene between the mother of Alexis and Catherine, who, although raised from a humble and equivocal position to be the Empress, proved herself to be worthy of her position by her ability and faithfulness.

Miss Ellen Terry Plays Catherine.

The scene where, as the haughty and imperious Empress, Catherine gradually relents and becomes tender and womanly in response to the mother's appeal, will, I am confident, display Miss Terry's exquisite art at its very best.

Sir Henry Irving

will have one of the most difficult characters he has ever played. But his genius is equal to the task. To avoid the repulsive effect of the father actually causing his son's death to gratify his own ambition, Sir Henry plays Peter as a ruler of a Spartan kind, willing to sacrifice everything, even his own son, for the advantage of the State. When Alexis begins to fear what his father may do he flies to Naples, where a beautiful scene of a sunny garden is introduced. But Peter's spies and toadies discover his retreat, and induce the fugitive son to return to Russia, and to his own destruction.

I hear and can quite believe that Sir Henry himself has made several important suggestions with regard to stage effect. He did so when Lord Tennyson's "Becket" was produced, and our foremost actor saved the Poet Laureate from falling into dramatic quagmires.

"How London Lives"

will, no doubt, fill the Princess's for many a night to come. The drama had the rivalry of the pantomimes to contend with on Boxing night, but the instant success achieved by MM. Martyn Field and Arthur Shirley's English adaptation of "Le Camelot" of MM. Paul Audry, Max Maurey, and Georges Aubin completely justified Mr. Albert Gilmer's sanguine belief in the attractiveness of the moving plot. With considerable intimate knowledge of the journalistic world in and around Fleet Street—which the late George Augustus Sala honoured with the name of Brain Street at the inaugural dinner of the London Press Club, now a flourishing institution—I cannot altogether indorse the views of the playwrights in the newspaper branch of this strong piece. But, as may be judged from our Sketch, Fleet Street yields a striking tableau, and St. Paul's looks down on the brisk development of the story at the hands of Mr. Charles Warner, the bright and breezy Jack Ferrers, the newsvending hero of "How London Lives." Mr. Henry Chance Newton's cheery street song should be popular with the vivacious

THE NEW DRAMA AT THE PRINCESS'S.

She (during the honeymoon): "How upset and embarrassed you were, dear, when you asked the Pater for my hand!"
He: "Yes. I was over £10,000 in debt."

London *gamins* who sell the *Star*, *Echo*, *Evening News*, and *Sun*. To tell the story of such a melodrama is to "give the show away." So I hold my hand, and advise all who relish an engrossing tale to hasten to book seats at the Princess's. Suffice it to say there is a stern baronet, befooled by his designing second wife and her paramour; there is in Gladys—very charmingly impersonated by Miss Kate Tyndall—a fair daughter driven from her baronial home, to find one of the staunchest of humble champions in the aforesaid Jack Ferrers, in which capital part Mr. Charles Warner is welcome back to the stage on which he has previously shone as Badger, in "The Streets of London," and as Coupeau, in "Drink." The wicked wife and her murderous accomplice find fitting representatives in Miss Geraldine Olliffe and Mr. Oscar Adye. The little girl heroine, as embodied by Missie Garnet Vane, won all hearts. Mr. Gilmer may be cordially congratulated upon the triumphant production of "How London Lives."

Mr. Herbert Waring,

who follows the lamented Mr. William Terriss in "Secret Service" at the Adelphi, was born in 1857, and made his first appearance at the Adelphi as one of the Oxford crew on a revival of "Formosa." In July 1883, Mr. Waring joined Messrs. Hare and Kendal at the St. James's, and remained in the company for five years, afterwards being engaged by Miss Mary Anderson as leading man in America. He is great in Ibsen. His most prominent recent success was at the Haymarket, as the hero of "Under the Red Robe," in which play Mr. Waring greatly advanced his reputation. He is one of the most intellectual and most artistic of our leading actors. Poor Terriss could not have a better successor at the Adelphi.

Miss May Whitty,

who succeeds Miss Millward in "Secret Service," first appeared at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, in 1881. Her earliest London engagement was in "The Monk's Room," produced at the Globe Theatre in 1888. Her graceful comedy acting in "Our Flat," at the Strand Theatre, in 1889, attracted much attention. In the revival of "Our Boys," in 1892, she appeared as Mary Melrose. Miss Whitty is a charming young lady, and has a singularly agreeable voice.

The Pavilion Theatre,

which the East-Enders justly call the Eastern Drury Lane, had a tremendous audience on Monday afternoon to witness Mr Isaac Cohen's forty-fifth pantomime. The veteran manager has this year taken "Jack and the Beanstalk." From start to finish this merry pantomime went gaily, and evoked shouts of laughter and applause. It is brimful of the latest successes of the Music-Halls, and the scenery is very effective. The old-fashioned Harlequinade would have pleased Grimaldi himself, whose mantle the jolly clown known as "The Rollicking Rezene" appears to have inherited.

A Pantomime Anecdote.

The late Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who wrote the Drury Lane annual for over twenty years, once told me an anecdote of his early career in that department. He had written a pantomime for a rather obtuse rustic manager of the Hebrew persuasion, who, when he read Mr. Blanchard's libretto, grumbled excessively.

"What is the matter?" inquired E. L. B.

"Vhat's the matter, Mr. Blanchard! Vy, don't you see—'Jack and the Beans *Talk*.' In your book the *beans don't say a single vord!*" The famous pantomime writer had no little trouble to make the manager understand the difference between sound and sense.

The Late Mr. William Terriss

has left a fortune estimated at sixty thousand pounds. He was as clever as a financier as he was vigorous as an actor, and was earning £80 per week at the time of his painful death.

Bon Voyage to Mr. Charles Cartwright!

That excellent actor Mr. Charles Cartwright, before leaving England for Australia, was complimented by a farewell dinner at the Hôtel Cecil, when Mr. Charles Wyndham took the chair. By the way, Mr. Wyndham and his family spent Christmas at the Hôtel Métropole, Brighton, and the mercurial Howard Paul was among the cheery comedian's guests on Christmas Day.

THE PROMPTER.

Lost Strength:

(How to regain it.)

How to regain Lost Strength is one of the most troublesome problems a Medical Man is called upon to deal with. Disease itself soon passes away, but in nearly every instance some obstinacy is left behind. Influenza, for instance, yielded readily enough to a well directed form of Strengthening Treatment, but the after feelings of Languor, Depression, and Loss of Strength were indeed obstinate troubles to permanently remove. These are just the cases where Guy's Tonic proves so valuable. This is not surprising when it is borne in mind that this valuable medicine actually strengthens the walls of the Stomach, the very Organ that is called upon to supply the frame with sufficient nourishment to maintain Health as well as to build up the system generally.

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"know how to be
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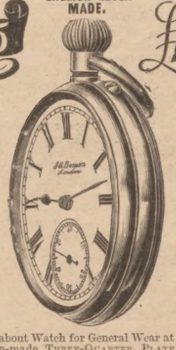

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"P.I.P." NEW YEAR STORIES

The Sheriff's Story.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS,

THE POPULAR DRAMATIST, AND "DAGONET."

[COPYRIGHT.]

I HAD come South for the benefit of my health, and I arrived in Nice in the middle of a snowstorm. Of course, the oldest inhabitant protested that such a thing as six inches of snow had never happened before in the Department of the Maritime Alps. The coachmen and fly-drivers, and the hotel proprietors and the tradespeople, could not have been more astonished had their delightful town been suddenly transported through the air like Aladdin's palace, and dropped down at the North Pole. The children and the untravelled people didn't know what it was at first when they woke up and saw the "white stuff" everywhere, and the superstitious regarded it in the light of a visitation from on high—something partaking of the nature of the "plagues" with which Egypt was visited when Pharaoh shilly-shallied concerning the departure of the Children of Israel.

But the snow was there, and Nice shivered and stopped indoors, and shook its head and talked nervously about the signs and wonders that were to precede the long-prophesied end of the world.

There were not many passengers in the *train de luxe*, by which I travelled, who were getting out at Nice. Most of them were going on to Monte Carlo. But among the Nice travellers was an old friend of mine, Sir Francis Wyatt, Alderman of the City of London, and he and I found ourselves together outside Nice railway station with our luggage on two cabs and our eyes contemplating the wintry scene around us with something approaching consternation.

Was this the "Pays du Soleil"—the Land of Sunshine? Had we undertaken the long and tedious journey, and torn ourselves from our business and professional occupations, our comfortable firesides and the bosoms of our families, only to endure the rigours of winter in a land where there is no defence against them, where open fireplaces are unknown, and there are no indoor amusements?

Sir Francis thrust his hands into his pockets and grunted as he contemplated the big flakes which were still falling, and then he turned to me and said, "I'm going to the Hôtel de France on the Quai Masséna. Where are you going?"

I told him I had intended to go to the Hôtel de la Méditerranée, on the Promenade des Anglais.

"Don't," said Sir Francis, "there's a good fellow. Come to the France with me, and we can cheer each other up."

It didn't particularly matter to me where I went, and as Sir Francis was a fine old-fashioned jovial Englishman, a splendid host and a first-class *vaconteur*, I readily fell in with his suggestion.

My *cocher* was sitting on the box of his fly, looking the picture of misery. He had on a thick overcoat and a rug, a red woollen comforter tied three times round his throat and brought up in front to the tip of his nose, and he was evidently in mortal terror that if he didn't start soon he might be frozen to death on the box.

"Où allons nous, M'sieu'?" he asked, in a voice that sounded absolutely sepulchral through the three thicknesses of home-knitted comforter.

"Hôtel de France," I said, and away we went, the horse feeling his way through the unaccustomed snow much after the manner of a cat on a mantelshelf.

It was a woebegone little party of English folks who gathered together that afternoon round the big black stove (alas! newly varnished with Brunswick black) in the *fumoir* of the Hôtel de France. Some of us were invalids and some of us were only pleasure-seekers, but we had all of us wanted the sunshine, and there was none to be had. The snow had ceased falling, but the wind was cold, the skies were grey, and the boulevards and the promenades were still frozen slush.

It didn't matter to me very much, for I had my newspaper work to get through and despatch to London, and that kept me busy until seven o'clock, which was the hour of table d'hôte. After dinner the Alderman proposed that we should risk the weather and go across to the Casino and play at *les petits chevaux*.

Anything was better than hanging about the *fumoir* or the drawing-room of the hotel. So I fell in with my friend's views, and spent a couple of hours in losing forty francs and getting a splitting headache in a dreadfully crowded and ill-ventilated room, through which an icy draught careered wildly whenever a fresh comer opened the door.

When we got back to the hotel Sir Francis asked me to come and smoke a cigar with him in his sitting-room, and we got talking over old times, and somehow or other the conversation drifted on to prisons, and from prisons in general to Newgate in particular, and his experiences there during the year that he was Sheriff and had to be present officially at the executions. After we had got on to this topic I said very little, preferring to let the ex-Sheriff talk.

The subject was started through my asking him if a thing I had once heard was true—namely, that a City Sheriff invited a party of friends to spend the eve of an execution with him at Newgate, and that the long hours of the night were passed in card-playing, when large sums of money changed hands, and the party was eventually broken up by the Sheriff expressing his regret that he was unable to play any longer, as his presence was required in the condemned cell "on business."

Sir Francis shook his head. "Ah," he said, "I heard that story, too. It was told of dear old Jack ——, one of the best fellows who ever sat on the Aldermen's Bench. But if it was just a little bit true you mustn't forget that it was in the days of public executions, when hundreds of men about town made a night of it and hired all the rooms they could get in the opposite houses and asked their friends. The card-playing was always part of the programme, for you had to do something to keep your spirits up when you sat from midnight till eight in the morning waiting for a poor devil to be put to death. I remember those times well and the howling mob of ruffians, male and female, who used to spend the night in front of Newgate shrieking out ribald songs and indulging in rough horse-play. Those were barbarous times, and, thank God, they have gone for ever. But to those who had to assist at an execution then, the surroundings were not nearly so terrible as they are now. The noise, the excitement, the boisterous callous brutality of the scene robbed it of its solemn terrors. To-day the tragedy is intensified by its solemnity, its seclusion, and its silence. My Shrievalty was after public executions had been abolished, and looking back upon my experiences now I can truthfully say that I wouldn't go through them again for all the gold in the Bank of England."

"You had some remarkable ones, I expect?"

"Yes—and one I shall remember to the last hour of my life. A young fellow of about five-and-twenty had been convicted of the murder of a girl. She was found lying dead in a lonely part of Highgate Woods one evening, and an hour or two afterwards a young man, who called himself John Mason and who said he was a sailor, was arrested in a public-house where he was drinking.

"The girl had been shot, and in the prisoner's pocket was found a loaded revolver, two barrels of which had recently been discharged. He was arrested owing to a description given by some people who had seen him in the woods with the girl earlier in the evening.

"He protested his innocence, but admitted he had been with the girl all day, and that he had gone into the woods with her, but he declared that he had parted with her shortly afterwards and lain down and fallen asleep, being the worse for liquor. He had no recollection of what happened afterwards, and pretended to be horrified to learn that the girl was dead.

"Asked if he knew her, he said 'Yes.' She was the daughter of the landlord of a sailors' lodging-house at Wapping, in which he and several other seamen were then staying. He declared that he had been with her to the Alexandra Palace at Muswell Hill for a day's outing, and had afterwards gone through Highgate Woods. She had left him to go home by herself because he was the worse for liquor.

"At the trial he was convicted on circumstantial evidence, and the damning fact that the bullet found in the unfortunate girl's body fitted his revolver. He maintained his innocence, and but for the revolver many would have been on his side, as there was no motive save the suggested one of jealousy for the crime. The father of the girl in his evidence swore that Mason had lodged with him some weeks, and had paid marked attention to his daughter, but she was engaged to another young man who had gone away, the day after the murder was discovered, with his ship. He believed that John Mason had murdered the girl in a fit of drunken rage, because she had repulsed his advances and told him that she loved another man.

"On the evidence of the prisoner's presence with the girl in the wood at the time of the murder, and the additional fact that she was killed by a shot from the revolver found in the prisoner's possession, the jury could not very well find any other verdict than the one they did, and John Mason was duly sentenced to be hanged.

"The condemned man apparently had no friends. He had come here, it was understood, on a ship from Australia. Asked as to his relatives or anyone whom he would like to communicate with, he only replied that he was innocent, but that as he had been condemned and would always be looked upon as a murderer, he would not distress his friends by letting them know his fate.

"The chaplain, who told me the particulars afterwards, at once pointed out to him that they would read of the trial in the newspapers.

"That doesn't matter," the young fellow replied. "My name is not John Mason, that is only the name I took when I ran away to sea."

"For some reason, probably because he liked the young fellow's manner, the Rev. Mr.——, the chaplain, began towards the last to have a strong feeling that Mason was not really guilty, but was screening someone else. But he could not get over the evidence. He told me afterwards that he had never seen a condemned murderer bear himself so bravely and so calmly, and at the same time listen with such quiet attention to his exhortations. 'I began at last,' he said, 'to feel as if I were insulting the prisoner by urging him to confess a crime of which I had a strong impression he was really guiltless.

"The morning of the execution came, and I got to Newgate shortly after six o'clock. It was a damp, raw day, and I felt utterly miserable and out of sorts. The condemned man, I was told, was up, and the chaplain was with him in his cell.

"I don't want to harrow your feelings with the ghastly details of the preparations for the execution. The executioner was ——. While the unhappy man was being pinioned, I spoke to the hangman, calling him by name.

"Mason instantly lifted his head and looked keenly at the man. Then he turned to the chaplain and said, 'Open that paper.'

"The chaplain tore open an envelope, and read a note which the prisoner had written, and made him promise not to read until after the execution.

"The clergyman's face went deadly white as he read, and then, in a strange, agitated voice, he asked the Governor of the jail and myself to come outside the cell door.

"'This is terrible!' he exclaimed when we were outside. 'The executioner and the condemned man are father and son!'

"Before we had time to recover from the state of horror into which this astonishing communication had flung us, a messenger from the Home Office came rapidly down the courtyard and handed the Governor a communication.

"It was a reprieve!"

The ex-Sheriff paused for a moment and helped himself quietly to another whisky and St. Galmer.

"Go on!" I said impatiently. "The young man Mason and the executioner were father and son, and but for the reprieve——"

"Yes," said Sir Francis, "but for the reprieve I don't know what would have happened. We should have had to tell the hangman who his victim was. It would have been an outrage to have let him execute his own son in ignorance! The law does not say that a man must hang his own son. Fortunately we were spared a terrible dilemma by the arrival of the reprieve at the very last moment.

"John Mason had, on the night that he believed would be his last on earth, written a letter to the chaplain entrusting him with the secret of his identity, but it was only to be revealed if his innocence of the crime was eventually brought to light.

"When he was quite a child, his mother and father had quarrelled violently, and the husband deserted his wife. His mother had relatives who were fairly well off in Australia, and to them she had gone, taking her boy with her. The father at the time was a shoemaker in a fair way of business, but failed, and having assisted the hangman at several executions, was eventually appointed to the office himself, and his name became a household word. His wife made no claim upon him, and they never corresponded. She learnt what his new calling was, and that he had made a domestic circle for himself, and she came to this country and obtained a divorce and married again.

"At the age of fifteen her son, disliking his stepfather, ran away from home and went to sea under the name of John Mason. It was through a quarrel with his stepfather that he learnt the name and occupation of his mother's first husband—his own father.

"In his letter to the chaplain he gave these particulars in order that, in the event of his innocence being proved after his death, the truth might be communicated to his mother.

"And that is how it came about that the public executioner was within an ace of hanging his own son."

"And the reprieve?"

"Was granted at the last moment in consequence of a cable from the captain of a ship which had just reached Peru. A sailor who had been fatally injured on board had before he died confessed to the murder of a girl in Highgate Woods, and the captain had felt it his duty to cable to the Home Secretary at once.

"When the full text of the confession reached the Home Office it proved the innocence of young Mason beyond all question, and he was granted a free pardon.

"The real murderer was the young sailor to whom the poor girl was engaged. He had gone to his ship in the morning, returned unexpectedly, and heard that Mason and the girl had gone to the Palace together. He had gone there and kept watch on them, and followed them to Highgate Woods. When Mason, who had been drinking freely, threw himself down and fell asleep, and the girl left him to go home, the sailor came suddenly upon her. He saw the revolver in Mason's pocket, drew it gently out, followed the girl some little distance, and shot her. Then, with devilish malice, and in order to divert suspicion from himself, he went back again and quietly dropped the revolver into the still sleeping man's pocket. The next morning he was on board his ship and in a few hours was safely out at sea."

* * * * *

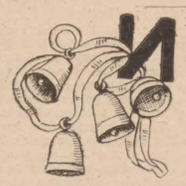
The clock at that moment struck one. I bade the ex-Sheriff good-night and went to my room, but it was a long time before I could get to sleep. In the darkness my excited imagination ran riot, and I saw the whole scene as my friend Sir Francis Wyatt had described it—only there was no reprieve, and the chaplain did not open the dead man's letter until all was over.

THE END.

How Londoners may Secure Their Own Water Supply.—A certain section of property-owners in London can view with equanimity the reports appearing from time to time as to the purity or otherwise of the water supplied to London consumers. These are they who draw their water from the chalk by using private wells on their own premises. The Langham and the Savoy Hotels find the system a distinct advantage; and the new huge building—the Hôtel Grand Central—is to be supplied with water from a well now being sunk by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, who propose to insert a lining of cast-iron cylinders through the London clay, to exclude all impure springs which would otherwise contaminate the pure supply from the chalk. The National Skating Palace gets the water for its ice floor from its own well. There is a large field for similar undertakings in town and country.

NANSEN, in his famous *Fram* Expedition to the North Pole, realised that his stores were not complete without CADBURY'S COCOA. This important fact, and the hundreds of unsolicited Testimonials from the Medical Profession, prove that Cadbury's Cocoa is unequalled for imparting Strength and Staying power; and that it is a beverage suitable alike for the Young and the Old, the Delicate and the Athlete. *Pure* Cocoa is a perfect food—the addition of drugs and alkalies deteriorates it. Cadbury's is guaranteed to be absolutely pure and free from all foreign substances.—[ADVT.]

Rosalind's London Fashions.



NEW YEAR'S bells, by the time many read these lines, will be ringing out blithely and merrily enough, and good wishes flying apace to one and all. But I see no sign of any diminution in the prettiness of attire for the New Year. Fur is being much used for children this season, for hats, bonnets, coats, and frocks. In Fig. 1 you have an example. This is a smart little childish hat of green felt, edged with narrow chinchilla fur round the brim, and further trimmed by a band, fan bow, and folds of a darker green velvet, also

PRETTY HAT FOR A CHILD.

edged narrowly with chinchilla. This is worn with a smock pelisse of green cloth, matching the felt, with bishop sleeves, and a collar of the dark green velvet edged with chinchilla.

* * * *

A Smart Evening Bodice hailing from an irreproachable source of fashion is sketched in Fig. 2. This model is in cherry-coloured velvet edged with dark mink fur. The cut will be obvious. Stiff pointed epaulettes of

SMART EVENING BODICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

white satin stand over the full short sleeves edged with mink, and embroidered with gold, pearls, and brilliants. The inside of the stand-up collar corresponds with the epaulettes; the waistband also being white satin similarly embroidered, and the one button of pearls and brilliants. In my sketch this is worn over a white satin skirt.

* * *

Fancy Dress is more worn than ever since the Covent Garden Balls have been resumed. The last of the Old Year takes place on Dec. 31. Costumes are in request also for the Lady Mayoress's Fancy Dress Ball and other functions of this kind. It is not everyone who cares to go to the expense or trouble, or even apart from these—yearns for the effect of some of the far-fetched elaborations so much used now. Such unambitious members might do worse than don the attire of our attractive little friend at Terry's Theatre—"The French Maid." Fig. 3 reveals her in dark blue, with white muslin apron and cap, cherry ribbon bows to linen collar and cuffs; with dark blue embroidered stockings and dainty dark blue kid shoes. The colouring can be altered to suit individual complexions. The London stage offers no songstress more charmingly pretty, dainty, *chic*, and modest withal than Miss Kate Cutler, "The French Maid," in the deservedly popular comic opera by MM. Walter Slaughter and Basil Hood.

FANCY DRESS—"THE FRENCH MAID."

THE NEW YEAR SERIES OF "P.I.P." STORIETTES will be found most INTERESTING for HOUSEHOLD READING.

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

New Year Plans.

FRUIT-GROWING being such an important feature of rural industries, I make it the first theme in my New Year column. At the beginning of this, my seventh year, as the contributor of these Rural Notes, I take the liberty of asking my numerous readers what benefits they have derived from the past, what resolutions they have formed, and what ideals they have fixed their minds upon for the future! The many hundreds of letters I have had from interested readers convince me that many of them *are* striving towards a fixed mark. I have this to say to all—

Set Your Aim High!

I do not suggest that everyone should follow in detail the plans and methods I lay down here from time to time; they serve as guides, 'tis true, but each one should map out for himself or herself an independent course and stick to it. If rural life is worth living, it is worth living well. That brings me again to my topic—apple-culture. Of all steadily profitable fruits, none approach

The Apple.

The crop is one that never fails entirely, as some crops do, and in times of over-plenty it has several advantages. The fruit can be used for cider-making, for making dried apple chips, and for preserving. It is also a fruit that stores and keeps well. Success in making apple-growing a profitable industry depends largely on the variety one grows, and whether it is suitable for the market at which it is offered for sale. On those grounds I have chosen for

EARLY DESSERT APPLE: BEAUTY OF BATH.

my Illustration a rather new and now sterling apple of the dessert class. This apple supplies a great want, and the planting-stock of it—that is, the maiden, or two or three-year-old trees of the variety, are now cheap and plentiful.

Prices per 100

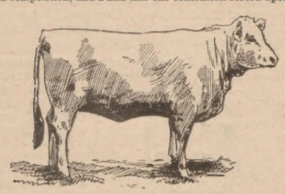
of them range from 40s. for maiden one-year-olds to 90s. for two-year-olds or paradise or crab stocks, and 150s. for three-year-old standards. On the dwarfing stocks they will fruit at once, and they may be planted in shallow soil, almost at the surface of the ground. This variety is a steady and a free bearer. As to the fruit, it comes in directly after the Juneating, and is far superior to that apple in flavour (brisk sub-acid), size, and shape. In colour it is of a greenish-yellow, with plentiful crimson spots and streaks. Its flesh is firm and of a pale butter-colour, and it

Tastes Very Much Like a Blenheim.

I call it, for small growers, who take apples to markets and shops to be sold retail at twopence and threepence per pound, and for the big grower who supplies the wholesale dealers, one of the very best apples we have in this country.

Baby Beef.

I have been advocating the "help thyself" principle, and of late I have not seen a plan by which small holders who keep two or three cows can better act upon this motto in our meat markets than by cultivating baby beef. That was a most liberal education offered at the Fat Stock Show at Islington last month, to those who wish to get a look-in at meat-producing. I took some careful notes of the carcases, weights, and ages of the under and over two-year-old animals that had been killed and sent up for this display and competition, and I had this one conclusion forced upon



A PRIME HEIFER FOR BABY BEEF.

me—namely, that the old-fashioned farmer is fast dropping out of the race. At one year and nine months old—taking a line by the whole of the under two-year-olds shown at the Agricultural Hall—a heifer in the prime killing condition, as sketched, should scale 12 cwt. (live weight); and, when dressed, the carcase should weigh 112 stones. Reckoning the price of such beef as this at 4s. 6d. per stone makes the market value of

The Carcase Come Out at £25.

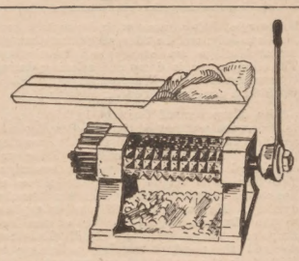
To confirm my figures I give a few of the weights at the Show alluded to. A Sussex steer unplaced in prize-list, live weight 13 cwt., dressed 118 stone, age one year and eleven months; cross-bred heifer one year and eight months old, Scotch, 11¾ cwt. live, and 104½ stone dressed weight; a Devon, also unplaced, one year and ten months old, 11¾ cwt. live, and 109½ stone dressed weight. Those were not the prize carcases, be it recollected—I will refer to them on another occasion—but they bear out my figures. The examples also show that prime baby beef need be no respecter of breeds, as even

The "Little" Devon

gets a good look in at this block and scale test. Here, I say again, is much food for thought. What I wrote only last week is well borne out in the above particulars; and as to what I wrote just now about old-fashioned farmers, "there are none so blind as those who will not see!"

Practical Poultry Management.

This note relates to grit for poultry. I wonder how many of my fowl-keeping readers possess a grit-crusher! For crushing flint and granite—the best stones for making poultry grit—in a small way, a slater's hammer with a roughened face, and a roughened iron plate such as is used for covering coal-shoots in pavements, serve capitally. If much grit is needed, a machine comes in very handy. One that may be bought for about 17s. 6d. and that will earn its cost on a poultry farm in a very short time, is shown in the sketch. Sharp angled pieces, varying from the size of



A POULTRY GRIT-CRUSHER.

split peas to large maize, are the millstones fowls like to carry in their crops. It should be a rule with all poultry-keepers to have broken grit, broken oyster shells and old mortar always within the reach of every fowl they keep. I use it daily, fine or rough, according to the age of the bird, and I regard it as being of as much importance as daily food. Equally as important is green food. A daily supply of it cut up finely is

Essential for Keeping Fowls

that are in confined runs in good health. Cutting up green-stuff is a great saving, besides being a means of making the fowls eat more of it. That reads rather oddly. I mean that it prevents waste, and each fowl gets an equal share.

In Winter,

sliced turnips, kohl-rabi, and carrots cut up into small pieces may take the place of greens; but greens, such as cabbages, kale, tares, lettuces, and grass are the best. For a forcing vegetable food, nothing beats the onion. A raw onion of the size of an egg will serve a dozen hens. To make sure that they get it, a good plan is to put it into their morning mash. Whoever has a garden and can

Plant Out Young Onions

and sow and grow them continually, summer and winter, will have always handy a form of green food that all poultry will be benefited by consuming.

For Seeds and Bulbs.

I may repeat, in answer to a great number of correspondents, that you cannot do better than apply for anything you need for the flower or kitchen garden to Messrs. Daniels' famous seed establishment, Norwich, and you will be served with the best.

Artificial Manure for Fruit Lands.

"J. Ross."—By all means get a good artificial and give your strawberry and fruit-tree plots a good top-dressing this spring, the earlier the better. The highly priced "fancy" manures are made to sell; not one of them costs above £8 10s. per ton to make. You will do better to buy separate ingredients, nitrate, kainit, basic-slag, and bone-superphosphates, and to compound for yourself.

Cheap Living and Cheap Houses.

"Appreciator" will have gathered what information I can fairly give him in these columns from my recent replies. Brick and slate cottages are not in my line. The three acres in Kent he refers to cost £75. There were five of those little farms sold last December.

Fertile Eggs.

"J. Billingsley."—You should advertise, but really fertile eggs are scarce and dear as yet. You might get a cockerel by the same means. I do not deal in poultry.

Comb Disease.

"J. R."—Thanks much for the information. Use the vaseline or some zinc ointment, and keep the fowls dry and warm for a few days.

Live Cattle Insurance.

"G. L. Carr."—Sorry I am so seldom in your district, but I will treasure your invitation. Write for particulars of horse and cattle insurance to Cattle Insurance Agent, 20, Cheapside, London.

Taking to Country Life.

"Arthur."—It all depends, for a delicate man, what part he goes into. I certainly advise South Wales for health; it is delightfully healthy. You might take a ten or twelve acre small farm for £10 to £20 a year in some of the more out-of-the-way parts, but you would do better to buy a few acres nearer a town if you can afford it. The *Rural Monthly* will give you full particulars of small farms and how to get on them, free, if you give an address or send a postcard to the Publisher, 18, Cheapside, E.C.

Langshans Black—and White!

"T. P. Tucker," Kansas, U.S.A., writes to say how amused he was at my sketch of a Langshan in a recent column. It is my turn to be amused at the "vast difference" he invites me to see between his type and mine. Pray take it that the printer or somebody spoilt the sketch. I owned imported Langshans in 1875, and that was, I believe, as soon as, or prior to, those Major Croad first gave the poultry world cognisance of. Mine came direct from the Yang-tse-Kiang district, where "only black" Langshans are known. Where did the "white" ones come from? As the Croads were, according to my friendly and cordial correspondent, the first to bring the Langshan to England (only they weren't), they no doubt know a Langshan, so I must ask them. It does not occur to friend T. that we Britishers are not all so anxious to boom a good thing when we get it, and that many of us like to keep it to ourselves for its intrinsic value, and because no one else possesses another like it. This end of the century, with its exhibiting and "side" and pose, may have undermined that characteristic a bit, but it is still real old English feeling. It will give me pleasure to illustrate one of my correspondent's "white" Langshans if he will favour me with a sketch.

Kohl-Rabi.

"Mrs. Clark."—It is sown, transplanted, and cultivated much the same as the cabbage tribe is. You can by field cultivating grow it for sheep in the same way as farmers grow the thousand-headed kale. Sow the seeds any time, and transplant into any free soil as soon as the seedlings will handle, or sow in drills and thin the plants out to from nine inches to a foot apart. The thinnings are valuable food for all animals.

French Milk Selling in England.

"Beta."—Yes, it is quite true; and if the company can succeed they will flood the country with it. We get no equivalent whatever for it; the French and all other civilised nations protect their own producers. Only last month their Government raised the import duty on American and other foreign bacon, hams, pork, lard, etc., because their agriculturists protested that the competition was too keen. They also put a heavy duty on foreign corn; but in times of scarcity they can always buy plenty, of course. British agriculture has everything against it. The landlords make reductions in rent now and then as some kind of conscientious compensation, I take it. But if it were not for agriculture's own self-contained resources, such as the Bacon Curers' Protection Association, that prosecuted the Stores the other day for selling American hams for British, we should soon be in our final death throes, although we may die hard.

The Happy New Year

I sincerely wish every reader of the *P.I.P.* will be the more readily secured by those of my country readers who read, mark, learn, inwardly digest, and promptly act upon the agricultural hints given them during 1898 in our "Rural Life" columns.

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London. All readers should order their copies in advance of the nearest Newsagent, or at the *P.I.P.* Office.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Guide (250 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., Ldn. 50 yrs.' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mgr., H. MYERS.—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

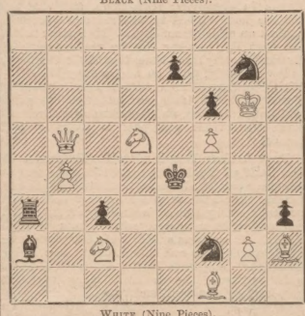
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

PROBLEM No. 202.

WE regret that we gave the wrong description of this problem last week. It is what is called a "sui-mate problem," in which the conditions are White to play, and compel Black to mate him in two moves. As we have not before given any such problems, we shall hold the solution over for a week.

PROBLEM No. 203.—BY M. KARSTEDT.

BLACK (Nine Pieces).



WHITE (Nine Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

OLD-FASHIONED DEFENCES.

The best of preaching must fall short in effect to the actual example, for the purpose of an object lesson. When we say do not shut in your Bishop by P to Q 3rd, whether in the Ruy Lopez defence or in any other opening, these words do not convey the idea of retarded development with that force and salutary effect which an example from actual practice would possess. The objection to playing P to Q 3rd in the Ruy Lopez is that it produces a game similar to the Philidor defence, and that the Philidor defence—in fact, any other defence in which either of the Bishops are shut in—gives the player a cramped game. We append a game recently played between two strong players, in which it is shown how the Philidor defence comes to grief.

Game played in the match Brixton v. Hampstead.

WHITE (H. S. Ward, Brixton).	BLACK (T. Newman, Hampstead).	WHITE (H. S. Ward, Brixton).	BLACK (T. Newman, Hampstead).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	12. P to K B 4th	P to K Kt 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. P to B 5th	Kt to K 4th
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	14. P takes Kt P	B P takes P
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd		
6. B to Q B 4th	Castles		
7. Castles	B to Q 2nd		

We believe the best way to conduct this defence, is not to take the Pawn, but Kt to Q 2nd instead.

He might have ventured on B P takes P, but in any case his pieces are terribly crowded.

		15. Kt to K 6th	Q to K 2nd
		16. Kt takes R	Q takes Kt
		17. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to Q 2nd
		18. B to Kt 5th	Q to Kt 2nd

Useless. Kt takes P is best.

8. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	The mobility of White's pieces is in strong contrast to the powerlessness of Black's forces.	
If Kt takes P now, then 9. R to K 1st wins a piece.			
9. P takes Kt	B to K B 3rd	19. B takes B	Kt takes B
10. B to K 3rd	B to K 1st	20. B takes B	R takes B
		21. Q to Q 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
		22. Q takes Q (ch)	

To make room for his Knight, but P to B 4th was better.

And White wins.

DRAUGHTS.

J. SPENCER, R. ROUSE, and W. G. WRIGHT.—Your original contributions received with thanks.

CAPTAIN J. A. CHALLICE.—To No. 158 correct. Your problem-solving record of 5137 chess and draughts positions solved in 500 weeks is a wonderful performance. Good wishes reciprocated.

N. S. T.—Try "Lees's Guide," 1s. 2d. post free. Apply to Mr. J. H. Bailey, 40, Peabody Buildings, Orchard Street, Westminster, London.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 159.—By A. A. TREVALLION.

Black: 3, 7, 10, 11, 22, 1k, 27k.
White: 12, 13, 16, 18, 19, 20, 23, 6k.

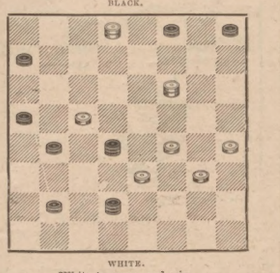
Black to move and win.

10—15	7—14	3—10	22—26	27—11
19 10	16 7	6 15	18 9	B. wins.

PROBLEM No. 160.

By J. ADAMS (Towcester).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

GAME No. 117.

Played between Mr. ROBERT MARTINS (Black), ex-champion, and Mr. WILLIAM BELCHER (White), president of the London Draughts Association.

The "Cross" (*) : Mr. Martins' move.

11—15	24 19	11—14	26 22b	1—10
23 18*	7—16	3 27	10—26	18 9
8—11	22 18	3— 8	30 23	5—14
27 23	4— 8	14 15a	6—10	28 24
11—16	25 22	2— 7	17 13	
18 11	8—11	2 17	10—15	W. wins.
16—20	29 25	7—10	13 6	

(*a*) 28 24 is given in "Lees' Guide."
(*b*) Mr. Martins remarked that he had not seen this move played before.—W. B.

"IT DROVE THE MAN FRANTIC" to hear his wife, but if he had only given her a tin of KEATING'S LOZENGES, one single Lozenge would at once have stopped her cough, and the result would have been a peaceful night's sleep—a tin of KEATING'S LOZENGES can be obtained at any chemist's for 13½d.—[ADVT.]

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

HER MAJESTY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFTS TO THE POOR OF WINDSOR will speedily follow the Queen's treat to the Whippingham School children—one of the pleasantest celebrations of Christmas whilst the Court is at Osborne House for the winter months. It was on Christmas Eve that the children attending Whippingham School received the Queen's Christmas gifts, which were

OSBORNE HOUSE,
THE QUEEN'S PRESENT ABODE.

handed to them in the school-room by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Her Royal Highness's children, and Princess Alice of Albany. A Christmas tree was provided for the school-children. Presents of beef and pudding were given to the labourers on the estate.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's Christmas Party at Sandringham comprised, besides Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark.

Admiral Sir Edward Seymour.—Now that the European Powers seem about to initiate a scramble for China, it is important that England should be well represented in the East. The new Commander on the China station is Vice-Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour, who was knighted during the Jubilee. He is not to be confused with another gallant Admiral, Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bart. Sir Edward Seymour, who is fifty-seven, served in the Crimea and then as a midshipman in the China War of 1857. He was on board the *Calcutta's* launch when it was sunk at the destruction of the Chinese flotilla in Fatshan Creek. In 1870, when he was commander of the *Growler*, Admiral Seymour succeeded in rescuing an English vessel from pirates on the Congo; he was severely wounded, and received the special approval of the Admiralty for his bravery. He was Captain of the *Iris* during the Egyptian War of 1882, receiving the Egyptian medal and Khedive's bronze star in recognition of his services. He also possesses the Crimean and Turkish medals with Sebastopol clasp, China medal and three clasps, and the Royal Humane Society's silver medal. Admiral Seymour was appointed Aide-de-camp to the Queen in 1887. From 1892 to 1894 he was second in command of the Channel Squadron, and has for several years taken part in the naval manœuvres.

ADMIRAL SIR E. SEYMOUR.

Russian and German Seizure of the Chinese Ports of Port Arthur and Kiao-Chau.—We give a little chart to show the positions of Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur, the occupation of which ports by Germany and Russia has occasioned so much surprise in Great Britain. Germany still holds Kiao-Chau, and at that place the situation remains unchanged, as the Teutons seem inclined to hold to their original demands brought about by the Chinese massacre of German missionaries. Some alarm was naturally caused by the action of Germany, which was not allayed by the speeches delivered by the Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry. Then came the startling intelligence that Russia had occupied Port Arthur, one of the most valuable stations on the Chinese coast. It will be remembered that Japan, after the conclusion of hostilities with China, relinquished Port Arthur at the behest of Russia, the latter Power intimating that a continued occupation of the place would be looked upon as a *casus belli*. Rumours are flying about, some of them,

RUSSIA AND GERMANY IN CHINA: PORT ARTHUR AND KIAO-CHAU.

no doubt, based upon fact, and it is by no means improbable that there may have been some secret agreement between China and Russia as to Port Arthur. At any rate, it appears that China has given Russia permission to occupy the port as a winter station. According to the St. Petersburg Press, Russia, Germany, and France have come to an understanding with regard to China, and this without taking into consideration what England may have to say on the matter. It looks very much as though the wish were father to the thought, although the report has some substantiality accorded to it by

Mr. A. B. Colquhoun, a well-known Authority on Chinese Diplomacy. He thinks that Germany has been acting with Russia in occupying Kiao-Chau, and that the Chinese have agreed to this move as a security against an attack from Japan. He further points out that Port Arthur can be made secure by Russia in a very short time, that if the Germans, as is very likely, push on and occupy Wei-Hai-Wei, Northern China will remain absolutely closed to British trade, and although the ports of Tientsin, Chefoo, and Newchwang will remain open, their trade will pass to Germany and Russia.

Port Arthur Dominates the Entrance to the Gulf of Pechili in nearly the same way as Gibraltar commands the entrance to the Mediterranean. The harbour, which has now been taken possession of by Russia, is strongly fortified, and can easily be rendered secure from torpedo attack. It contains a tidal basin 500 yards long by 350 yards wide and 25½ ft. deep; also a dry dock 385 ft. long with 32 ft. over the sill at high-water springs. The dockyard is an excellent one, having been built and organised under the

supervision of British naval officers, and the stock of coal is always kept up to about 4000 tons. Indeed, Port Arthur is in every way the most valuable naval harbour in the Far East. Its commercial advantages are obvious from an examination of the map. Wei-Hai-Wei is to Port Arthur what Ceuta is to Gibraltar. It commands the southern limit of the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili.

Occupation by Russia of Another Chinese Port.—According to a Berlin telegram from St. Petersburg (says Reuter's agency), the Russians have occupied the harbour of Kin-Chow, a short distance to the north of Port Arthur on the opposite side of the peninsula.

Kiao-Chau Bay, which the Germans have Seized, lies to the south of the Shantung promontory, and it is the largest harbour in

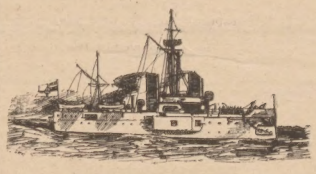
Northern China. It encloses a surface area of about 140 square miles, and the anchorage is perfectly landlocked. It is frozen round the edges during the winter season. As a naval base and a centre for commercial operations, it is important. Great Britain, in the event of war, would have to fall back on Hong-Kong, 1200 miles away to the southward, for repairs. Hong-Kong has outgrown itself. So long as it was only required to fill the duty of a naval station and a converging-point for all the mercantile traffic to the treaty ports of China, Corea, and Japan, it served its purpose well. But the requirements of British merchants are more ambitious than heretofore. What is now wanted is territory, where our manufacturers can build their factories and compete with native industries. Chusan, of which we have the pre-emption, is, of course, a far more valuable site. It commands the entrance to the Yang-tse-Kiang, and excellent harbours and anchorages abound in its vicinity. It has the disadvantage, however, of being cursed with dense fogs from March to July, and the tides which flow through the archipelago are strong and treacherous. The climate, too, is damp and relaxing during the summer months. What would be far better would be a good harbour on the mainland.

The Emperor of China.—In the present juncture, the position of the Emperor becomes a critical one, since his family are an invading dynasty. The Manchu dynasty of Tsing was established in 1644. The present sovereign, Tsai-Tien, who reigns under the name of Kwang-Su, is ninth Emperor of the Manchu dynasty. He was born in 1871, and is nephew to the Empress Regent, mother of the last Emperor, Tung-Chih. In 1887, Tsai-Tien assumed the nominal reigning authority; in 1889, took the control of government. If it had not been for the firmness of his uncle, Prince Kung, and the famous Li Hung Chang, it is doubtful whether he would ever have reigned at all; for a dangerous conspiracy in the palace had broken out, and only the arrival of the famous Viceroy, with some of his own troops from Pechili, saved the boy Emperor. He is completely under the dominance of the Empress Dowager, and is a mere puppet.

Vice-Admiral Otto Von Diederichs, who commands the German fleet in Chinese waters, comes from an inland province — that of Westphalia. He is fifty-five, and entered the navy in 1862. In 1867 he became Sub-Lieutenant, in 1886 Captain, and in 1892 Rear-Admiral. Last month he was made Vice-Admiral, and ordered to command the China Squadron. He knows a great deal about the China seas, since he was there in command of a corvette in 1879. He has occupied several high naval posts ashore, both at the dockyards and the naval schools. Prince Henry will be under his command in the East.

VICE-ADMIRAL DIEDERICHS.

The German Ironclad "Oldenburg" joined Prince Henry of Prussia's Fleet at Gibraltar. The *P.I.P.* has already illustrated Prince Henry's Squadron. We now give a small sketch of the latest addition to it—an addition that has been made so quietly that hardly any



A FRESH GERMAN IRONCLAD FOR CHINA, THE "OLDENBURG."

attention has been paid to it. Yet the *Oldenburg*, carrying eight 22-ton guns, and two ¾-inch quick-firers, is a considerable accession of strength to the German Fleet. Saving the coastguard-ships, four first-class battle-ships, and one other war-vessel, the whole of the German war-ships are now either in Chinese waters or on their way there. Lord Salisbury is not the man to shut his eyes to this pregnant fact.

The German Squadron, consisting of the war-ships *Deutschland* and *Gefion*, under the command of Prince Henry of Prussia, arrived at Gibraltar last Monday morning, nearly two days overdue, having experienced heavy gales since leaving Portsmouth. Salutes were exchanged between the German vessels and the garrison and the British war-ships in the harbour. Prince Henry paid an official visit to the Governor of Gibraltar. He was received, on landing at the dockyard, by a guard of honour of the Grenadier Guards, the garrison battery of artillery firing a salute.

Sir William Lockhart is Advancing from the Khyber Pass into the Bazan Valley. General Yeatman Biggs is lying seriously ill at Peshawar.

Kassala has been formally taken over from the Italians by the Anglo-Egyptian force under Colonel Parsons.

Deaths in London.—Mr. R. C. Halse, Alderman of Cheap Ward, in the City of London, died at his residence, Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, on Saturday last. The death of Mr. C. Harrison, M.P. for Plymouth, is also announced. Mr. Harrison was in full health and activity up to Friday week, but caught a chill at Sir Frank Lockwood's funeral, and died on Christmas Eve from heart failure, after an operation on his throat.

The Queen's Gifts to the City of London.—In accordance with annual custom, Her Majesty, through the First Commissioner of Works, sent for Christmas four does from Bushey Park to the Lord Mayor, three to the Sheriffs of the City, and one each to the Recorder, the Chamberlain, the Town Clerk, the Common Serjeant, and the Remembrancer. Gifts of bucks from one or other of the Royal forests are made to these officials in the same proportions in July. The custom is associated with the Royal grants and charters to the City of London of certain hunting privileges, of which there are records extant dating from 1101 downwards.

Major Walsh on Klondyke.—With much interest will be read the official report of Major Walsh, who has been sent thither by the Canadian Government to represent Dominion interests. Meanwhile, Dawson City, and all that it contains, is a sealed book, for according to all accounts the Alaskan winter has set in with more than its usual severity, and the ice-bound city with its hopes and fears and half-famished population (who furnished *P.I.P.* fictionists with such good material in the most successful Annual of 1897—"The Star of Klondyke") will have to wait the joy-bells of the spring before it can give forth its story to the awaiting world. The singular point about Klondyke is the rumour which gathers strength as the months go on that Congress has decided to take another pull at the lion's tail, and that in the course of the present session the question of neutralising the zone will be raised. But the gold find is at least seventy miles within British territory.

MAJOR WALSH,
Administrator of Yukon.

Don Carlos is the idol of a large section of Spain, which, fighting still against the Cubans, and threatened by America, feels inclined to turn to him for consolation. Nor let it be supposed for a moment that the clever Duke of Madrid, as Don Carlos persists in calling himself, is idle at this supreme moment in his country's destinies. It is true that in his magnificent Palazzo of Loredan, in picturesque Venice, the Pretender spends most of his time lulled by the plash of the Adriatic wave that laves the steps of his marble portico. But early and late he is working for the one ceaseless object of his life—the Spanish throne. Don Carlos is perhaps one of the most romantic figures in Europe, and fascinates the susceptible Spanish mind. He is not yet fifty, extremely handsome, and since 1868 (when the Carlist campaign collapsed in Spain) has been actively prosecuting the absorbing aim of his life—namely, to exchange his home at Venice for the gloomy Escurial in Old Madrid. He has been married twice, and has endeared himself to Spain by his love escapades, which are applauded in the land of bright eyes and talking fans, for in Castile there is a language in the movement of the fan as perfect as our flag signalling in the Royal Navy. It is very questionable, however, whether a short, sharp revolution and the advent of Don Carlos as King could bring anything but disaster and tribulation upon the Spanish people.

DON CARLOS, "DUKE OF MADRID."

Mr. F. E. Lacey, who is recommended by the Committee of the Marylebone Cricket Club as the new Secretary, in succession to Mr. Henry Perkins, is a gentleman admirably fitted for the post. He has for some years been a familiar figure in the cricket-field. During his last year at Cambridge he was chosen to play in the 1882 match against the sister University, and helped to win the match by scoring thirty-nine not out in the second innings. After leaving Cambridge he threw in his lot with Hampshire, and during the season of 1897 made some very respectable scores. In 1887 he scored 323 not out against Norfolk. Mr. Lacey is two years short of forty, and, while full of energy and vigour, has a complete and practical knowledge of the game, besides being endowed with that peculiar faculty of making himself popular with everybody. The Secretary of the M.C.C. must be a tactful man and a diplomatist, and Mr. Lacey is both.

MR. F. E. LACEY.

Jack's Christmas Holiday in England. Upwards of one thousand officers, petty officers, and seamen of the Royal Navy left Sheerness on Dec. 23 from the Naval School of Gunnery and from the ships of war in the Medway on the special Christmas leave granted by Vice-Admiral Sir Charles F. Hotham, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company kindly made special arrangements for the transport of officers and men travelling to London and the provinces, a special train leaving Sheerness Dockyard within a few minutes of the commencement of leave. The training classes at the Gunnery School were suspended the same day until

You should read the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT if you wish to be UP-TO-DATE.

Tuesday, Jan. 4. Only one watch of the *Sans Pareil*, flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, could be spared. The officers and men who remain on duty will be granted ten days' leave on the return of their shipmates. The crews of the torpedo-boat destroyers attached to the Sheerness Instructional Flotilla were granted leave also until Jan. 4, sufficient men being left behind to keep the vessels clean. Jack enlivened many London places of amusement with his cheery presence, in company with "his sister or his cousin or his aunt"—or sweetheart, most likely. We trust he has thoroughly enjoyed himself.

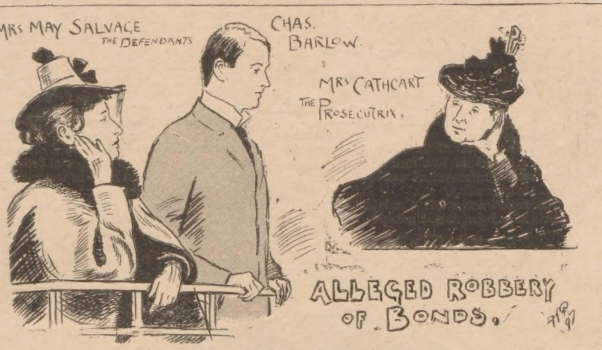
The Death of Lady Millais, widow of Sir John Everett Millais, late President of the Royal Academy, which occurred at the residence of her brother, near Perth, on Dec. 23, will add to the melancholy interest with which the forthcoming Millais Exhibition at the Royal Academy will be viewed.

London Headquarters of the Liberal Party.—Not only politicians of all shades and sections, but all sorts and conditions of men all over the British Empire, will unite in congratulating the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone on attaining his eighty-eighth birthday on Dec. 29. A large gathering of the veteran Liberal statesman's old colleagues and political supporters met to celebrate the anniversary at the National Liberal Club, the leaders of which might easily do much more than they do to promote the

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

interest of and revive the fortunes of the Liberal Party. If the Earl of Rosebery (whose speech in praise of the late Rev. William Rogers won him high commendation in the City) were well advised he would consult with those who could best frame the Labour and Land Reform Programme which is the best calculated to rehabilitate the Liberal Party.

The "Red Riding Hood" Pantomime, produced by Mr. Mulholland at the Métropole Theatre, Camberwell, will please the little ones. One of the chief features in the allotment of the part of Red Riding Hood to a clever child, pretty Miss Cecily Gray, who is assisted by a large number of bright and tuneful little souls from the London Dramatic Training College. Yet this concourse of animated nursery rhymes is only the commencement of still further attractions, as will be obvious from a study of the cast. This includes Mr. J. F. McArdle, whose eccentricities in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" and still later American triumphs are so well known; Mr. Augustus Wheatman, just returned from his South African achievements; Mr. Dillon Shallard, one of the successes of last year's Métropole pantomime; the Continental comedians Pinaro and Zavan; the celebrated Grovini troupe of mimes, one of whom plays the Wolf; Miss Rosie St. George, the well-known representative of Falka; sprightly Miss Lily Lena; Miss Verna Reed, the Albert Hall violinist; the four charming children rightly designated "The Little Gems"; the acrobatic troupe of lady dancers; and last, but not least, Mr. Victor Stevens, who plays the Dame, which part he has



MRS. CATHCART AS A PROSECUTOR.

filled consecutively for five years at the Lyceum Theatre and elsewhere in association with Mr. Oscar Barrett.

Mrs. Cathcart as a Prosecutor.—At Bow Street on Dec. 24, Charles Barlow and May Salvage, both residing at Marine Parade, Worthing, were charged on remand with stealing and receiving a dividend warrant for £335 1s. 7d., the property of Mrs. Cathcart, the well-known lady litigant. Mrs. Cathcart and Mrs. Salvage had been on intimate terms for years, and it was alleged that the latter had possessed herself of the warrant when the former was ill in bed. Accused were committed for trial, but were admitted to bail.

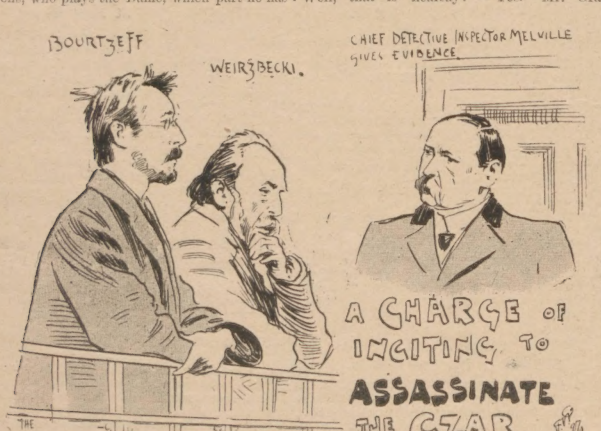
Great Scotland Yard and Plotters Against the Czar.—Chief Inspector Melville, a day or two before Christmas Day, gave ample proof at Bow Street Police Court that the heads of the Metropolitan Police keep a keen eye upon all foreigners who meditate the assassination of foreign Sovereigns—surely a species of craven crime that can help no desired reform, but is, on the contrary, likely to arrest ameliorative measures. A *P.I.P.* Artist was present in Court, and sketched Vladimar Bourtzeff, thirty-three, who was again charged with having on Dec. 14 and preceding days solicited, encouraged, and endeavoured to persuade divers persons to murder His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia. A second prisoner, Clement Weirzbecki, an elderly man, shabbily dressed, was charged on a warrant with a similar offence. Chief Inspector Melville, of Scotland Yard, said that at 5.30 on the 16th ult., after the first hearing of the charge against Bourtzeff, he went with other detectives to 70, Grafton Street, Tottenham Court Road, the address given by the prisoner. The door was opened with one of the keys found on the prisoner, and the witness went upstairs to a room on the second floor, the door of which was unlocked with the second key found on the prisoner. In the room were a portmanteau, a bed, and a cupboard. These were searched, and, in all, 1330 copies of the pamphlet, "Narodovoletz," were found. There were 580 copies of No. 1, 679 of No. 2, and 71 of No. 3. There was also a large quantity of letters, postcards, books, pamphlets, newspaper cuttings, etc., mainly in Russian, but some in Polish and some in French. The witness found as well a large number of cuttings from the English newspapers, most of them relating to Nihilism, and some referring to the death of the Emperor Alexander II. (the grandfather of the present Czar), the accession of the present Emperor, his Majesty Nicholas II., and the death of Stepniak. The prominent Nihilist and Anarchist events were marked with pencil. A man named Halturin (referred to in the information) was the author of the dynamite explosion at the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg on Feb. 6, 1880. Among those who were present at and took part in the assassination of the Emperor Alexander II. in the streets of St. Petersburg on March 13, 1881, by the throwing of a dynamite bomb, were a man named Jeliabov, who arranged for the explosion, and Sophia Perovskaya. They were convicted of the part they took in the assassination. Cross-examined: You know all this by hearsay?—By reading. Well, that is hearsay?—Yes. Mr. Grant applied for bail for Bourtzeff, saying that he was prepared with substantial bail, and added, amid some laughter, that there was not the least likelihood of his running away, as England was the only country in which he was safe from arrest. In fact, on one occasion the Russian police had endeavoured to arrest him while he was on an English ship at Constantinople. Bail was refused for him, but granted for his companion in two sureties in £30.

The Castle Street Murder.—Dr. Danford Thomas concluded last week the inquest on the body of Antoine Brosette, sixty-three, who was found dead in his room, 60, Castle Street, Long Acre, on Dec. 1. An examination of the body showed that the deceased had been killed by a blow from a hatchet on the head, and afterwards his throat was cut—a knife being left in the wound. The Coroner summed up the evidence, and the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Ravetto, alias De Anna, for whose apprehension a warrant was issued. Chief-Inspector Moore said he had traced the career of De Anna. His name was Qualia Giovanni, alias Giuseppe Ravetto and Joseph Ravelli, license holder. He was born at Rochetta, Tinavo, Italy, in 1856; his height was 5 ft. 6 in., complexion sallow, stout build, hair black (thin on top), high forehead (wrinkles across), eyes hazel, medium nose, prominent indentation in chin, heavy black moustache, scar point of nose, brown mole right side of neck, scar back of right forearm, back of left wrist, first finger, and back of thumb, right forefinger, and between second and third right fingers, scar on front and two inside the left chin; a cook; dress, dark clothes, black felt hat. His last known address was 9, Wharfdale Road, Caledonian Road. De Anna had absconded since the day of the murder.

A Cycling Spin to St. Albans.—For this ride we start from the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and proceed, viâ Aldersgate Street and Goswell Road, beloved of Pickwickians, to Islington, Highbury, and Highgate, 4¼ miles. Care must be taken in riding along the tramway, as it is sometimes very greasy. Bearing to the left through the town, the cyclist approaches Whetstone, 9¼ miles. A long, stiff ascent has now to be "negotiated" to Barnet, 11¼ miles. This is where the Cattle Fair is held once a year, and where a great battle was fought in olden days. Getting into the middle of the town, we turn to the left. The road is good and slightly on the incline as we pass through Kitt's End and South Mims to Ridge Hill, 15¾ miles. A sharp descent to London Colney, 1¾ miles further, follows: crossing the river Colne, a very fair uphill climb takes the cyclist into St. Albans, 20¾ miles from starting. St. Albans is an ancient town, dating back to the days of the Romans. The most important feature of interest is the fine Abbey, from the tower of which a beautiful panoramic view of the surrounding country may be had. The two best hotels here are the "Pea-hen" and "The George."

Lamentable Fire in Bethnal Green. London was visited in the early hours of Sunday morning last by a terrible fire, which resulted in a whole family of ten persons being burnt to death. The scene of this disaster was a four-roomed tenement at 9, Dixie Street, Brady Street, Bethnal Green. The premises, which are situated in a poor and crowded locality, were tenanted by two families. The front and back rooms on the ground floor were occupied by a widow named Barber and her five daughters, one of whom was married, and lived in the front room. The first floor was tenanted by a family named Jarvis. There were ten members of this family sleeping in the house when the fire broke out, and every one has been burnt to death. The father of the family was lying in the Mile End Infirmary suffering from consumption, and died shortly afterwards. The ten individuals who comprised the Jarvis family were Mrs. Sarah Jarvis, thirty-nine years of age, her daughter Hannah, who was sixteen years old, another daughter named Mary Ann, who was fourteen, two sons named Thomas and William, aged respectively twelve and ten, Louisa, aged eight, Alice, aged five, George, aged three, Caroline, aged two, and an eight-months-old baby, Elizabeth Jarvis.

A Deplorable Fire Occurred at King's Lynn last Monday. Originating in an extensive drapery and furnishing house (Jermyn and Perry's) it rapidly spread to adjoining properties, and in the end fifteen establishments were destroyed. The damage will not be covered by less than £150,000. One fireman was injured by falling masonry.



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A Sensation of the Royal Courts of Justice.

THE KLONDYKE CASE.

CHAPTER I.

Lovers' Talk.

"NOW you see, Emma, the box comes from Klondyke. Inside it there 's the depositions of the witnesses as to the quartz. They say that the one company who had it to crush up mixed it with other stuff. In the box are samples of the crushed and uncrushed. But they hold—they 's the defendants—that the quartz was bad to start with. So over in Klondyke witnesses were examined on what they call a Commission. I can tell you that that there box is a pretty important matter. I don't say the Parthenia Company is altogether in queer street, but they 're going to raise a goodish bit on debentures."

"And if the quartz was really bad—it wouldn't be bad for them if that box was lost, stolen, or strayed," and

Miss Emma,

who was good-looking, with a nice little nose which had a knack of turning to the stars, sniffed approvingly and took a big bite at her scone.

The scene was laid in the most unromantic corner of the earth that you possibly could think of: at the tea, bun, coffee, and cake shop next to the Law Courts on the West-End side. A place where sharp-faced barristers think over schemes for upsetting their opponents as they sit at their Souchong, and shrug their shoulders with supercilious contempt at anyone who dares to take an Austrian bent-wood chair near them. A place where jurors go to who don't at all object to being summoned, however much they may pretend to the contrary. A place where the said jurors are inclined to make ugly faces over their temperance refreshment, because they only sat for half an hour in the box and have been making a day of it ever since. A place where trim type-writeresses nibble cheese-cakes, and try to blush when the Apollos of the law venture to stare them out of countenance.

The young man was a clerk in the office of Moneby, Jones, and Co.

The girl in question was a type-writing girl, who worked in the next room to him.

The case of the Parthenia was "in their office." It is rather odd, but

There 's an Element of Romance in the Law Courts

that no one in the least gives it the credit for. Stowed away in the vaults are relics of gone-by wrangles that we now call to mind as vaguely as the memory of a passing face seen in a mirror. There are the Tichborne relics boxed up, Albert Grant's relics of the Emma Mine wonder—all sorts of things that you would never dream or think of. But yet Miss Emma Selby, the young lady who was munching her scone, thought quite otherwise. What she said was—

"Ours is dreadful monotonous work, Jack, isn't it? And that old Law Courts—they make *me* go there and make searches sometimes—is something between a county lunatic asylum and a jail. Horrid old hole it is!"

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, the best or the worst of it is that it 's our bread-and-butter, and we can't possibly do without it. Now I've got special instructions to see that box go into the Court to-night at the main entrance."

"Why, no harm can come to it, Jack."

"Well, though you say the Law Courts ain't a romantic place, still, the firm are anxious about it. And when this Klondyke case is finished

I 'm going to have my Forty Pound Rise,

and then—why, the six-roomer at Clapton, and you and I grand married folks."

The girl pressed his hand under the table, and though hers was a bit sticky from the scone, it was, all the same, a very pretty little hand indeed.

So they walked out into the moonlight. Do you know that one of the prettiest streets in London is that of Arundel, which runs down to the Embankment? Semi-Spanish places, and there 's a glimpse of the river through the trees at the end.

The walk opposite the Kremlin, the Paris Quays, the Unter den Linden of sandy Berlin, the Rue Centrale of Brussels, the New York Broadway, the Newski Prospect—there are none of 'em equal to that curvilinear sweep by the old Thames.

It was a bright moonlight and a frosty night, so that the rime was on the branches of the plane-trees; and it had given a powdered head to the statue of worthy "Buckshot" Forster which was quite inappropriate. And it had done the same to excellent John Raikes, the philanthropist, which, however, was quite right, because powder *was* used in *his* days.

"There is some romance in London, after all," said Jack Jones: "and, hang it all! I 've got to wait in town till that box comes from Tilbury with those confounded depositions and the specimens of quartz. The guv'nors seem oddly worried about it all. Of course, some chap will bring them in a growler from Fenchurch Station, but I 'm to see 'em go straight into the Law Courts. They won't be there till about half-past eleven, you bet, Emma."

"And I've to be home by nine," said that young lady, "and time and trams don't wait for any man, or any type-writer, even if she 's as lovely as I am."

So they kissed and parted: a prosaic parting. All the same, it would have made a pretty Jan Van Beers study: the moonlight in the water, the Cleopatra's Needle, the rime-decked trees, the kissing.

But is there no romance in London and the Law Courts, after all?

Mr. Jack Jones walked back into the Strand; this time, I regret to say, into a place where a stronger form of refreshment was sold than that of the aërated tea-shop.

On the counter was left the latest edition of the *Star*. A paragraph was headed

"Crime in Klondyke."

"After the Commission held yesterday for the examination of two witnesses, named Charles Wilson and Rupert Bone, in the famous action of the Parthenia Old Klondyke Gold Extraction Company *versus* the Lily Valley Coal, etc., Company, Limited, the men left to adjourn to a sly grog store. A quarrel ensued, in which revolvers were drawn. Both the unfortunate men, Bone and Wilson, were killed on the spot. Fortunately for the great *cause célèbre*, they had completed their evidence before the examining commissioners, which will duly arrive in town."

CHAPTER II.

The Box from Klondyke.

Half-past eleven! This was struck by the bells of St. Clement's. Jack Jones was standing by the cab-shelter in front of the Law Courts. Oddly enough, the Strand was more than usually empty. The London streets at night do, as you know, fill and empty by strange fits and starts. He could hear distinctly the wheels of the nigh-coming cab as far off as Fetter Lane.

It drew up in front of the main entrance of the great building. Only one man was in charge of the box.

Jack Jones followed him in, and stood in the dingy, dim-lit vestibule of the great hall.

"The box from Klondyke?" he said to the man who had brought it in.

"The same," was the answer, as it was taken in charge by the attendant acting as night-porter.

The man walked back to his cab and drove off.

"Shall I help you to carry that below?" said Jack Jones to the other black-uniformed official in attendance. "There are special orders, aren't there, that it should be kept in the ground-floor room to the right?"

"Thankee," answered the man, who knew the clerk well enough, having seen him day by day in the corridors and the Courts. "Come if you like to."

They went into the great central hall, where the only light was in a candle-lamp set on a small table. The light only served to show up the gloomy, Gothic darkness all the more. They turned to the right, and passed through the first archway. Their footsteps echoed—echoed strangely. They were walking through the crypt-like place.

Anyone, if anyone was there, might have heard the attendant saying—

"This horrid old hole always reminds me of the Inquisition."

If anyone *had* been listening, he would have heard the last words the man ever spoke.

Five minutes passed, and a man in the Law Courts uniform of black cap and jacket crossed the road to the cab-shelter from the main entrance.

CHAPTER III.

Stabbed in the Law Courts.

There was a far greater crowd than usual in front of the main entrance to the Law Courts. Albeit the busiest time of the term, that could by no manner of means wholly account for it. No such crowd of jurors and witnesses had ever been seen there before. Half-a-dozen lady journalists, three with pince-nez and three without, were chattering volubly.

The artists of the *News* and the *Graphic* and the *P.I.P.* were sketching, sketching away. The crowd grew, so that an avenue of police had to keep the way clear for those who had any real business in the great building.

But why so much decided, chattering, gaping interest? What is the most amusing incident of all things to the gazer and gaper? Why, a murder! Robinson—John William Robinson, to give his name in full—had been found, stone-dead, stabbed by a sharp weapon. The quartz samples had been stolen from the box of Klondyke evidence.

For the first time in its history a coroner's quest was being held in the great building.

Jack Jones, the Solicitor's Clerk, was Called.

And this was his evidence—

"My name is John Jones. I am an outdoor chancery clerk to Messrs. Moneby, Jones, and Co. The last time I saw Robinson was outside a door in the ground-floor short corridor. The box was to be taken into the room there. He seemed rather out of temper, and said that he was not such a baby but what he couldn't carry it in himself, and told me to go home to my supper. I left him, and walked out into the Strand. There was no one in the vestibule, neither did I see anyone standing about outside. I have not the least idea whatever as to why the crime was perpetrated. It might or might not be to the interest of either party to the suit to have it destroyed. Not knowing the nature of the depositions, I cannot tell. I knew the deceased very well indeed, having often chatted and taken a glass with him."

This was the evidence of John Jones, solicitor's clerk. This was virtually the whole evidence of the quest. Verdict: "Wilful murder on the part of some person or persons unknown."

Even the medical evidence only showed that the man had been stabbed through the left lung. Of course, though it was garnished with the usual professional jargon, the police had no clue whatever to the crime.

In the meantime, before a new set of depositions could arrive from Klondyke, the Parthenia Old Klondyke Gold Extraction Company, Limited, had issued a new set of debentures.

Why, a murder! Robinson—John William Robinson, to give his name in full—had been found, stone-dead, stabbed by a sharp weapon.

"THE KLONDYKE CASE": A LAW COURTS SENSATION.

CHAPTER IV.

"Married—and Done For."

"Ours is the prettiest place in the whole row." This was said by the clerk, John Jones, as he stood in his forty-feet Clapton back-garden.

He had married the pretty Emma Selby.

"Yes, Jack, dear. And we 're quite hum-drum, every-day married people, ain't we?"

"We most certainly are."

"And there 's not the slightest romance about our married lives at all, is there?"

"None whatever."

"All the better. By far the better."

So respectable-looking John Jones finished buttoning up his ulster.

"Yes, and I've got to go to Bow Street now on that perjury case before I turn up at the office. What an odd thing it is, isn't it, that that man Winstanley should have turned out such a swindler? No one would have thought there could be the least mystery about *him*."

"No more than about you, dear, although you were once a witness in a murder case."

She looked at her husband—fresh-coloured young man with blue eyes and brown hair—about as healthy a specimen of the genus clerk as you could imagine; and, as his admiring friends remarked, "He 's saved a nice little bit of money too."

In the Jailer's Room at Bow Street

the clerk was standing. Perhaps you do not know the place. It 's rather an out-of-the-way apartment, with portraits of all sorts of criminal celebrities stuck about the walls. He was talking to one of the men from Scotland Yard. Another detective, who had had charge of the Klondyke business, was idly sharpening a lead pencil.

"They test that sort of quartz with heated mercury, to discover the mica deposits."

A sudden flash of light seemed to come into the detective's eyes. He dropped his lead pencil on the floor. There was a curious look in the clerk's eyes. Still perfectly composed, he strolled out of the room, through the passage, and so to the street.

"My God! that 's the man who did it. What!—why should he know so much about the quartz?"

He was on his track like a sleuthhound.

Six, seven, eight o'clock, and no John Jones had come home to his Clapton cottage.

"There is one thing about John that I do like," the little wife was saying to her mother; "that is, there isn't the least mystery about him."

In that respect she was somewhat in the wrong. There *was* a very considerable mystery about him indeed. He was lying stiff and stark in a bed-room in a low coffee-house. Like a second

LONDON'S CHIEF HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS.

CROWNING SCENE OF MR. ARTHUR COLLINS'S GRAND PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

BARNUM AND BAILEY'S UNRIVALLED COMBINATION OF SHOWS AT OLYMPIA.

See "Talk of London." "P.I.P." Page 2.

Frederick, he always carried a choice phial of prussic acid about 'im, to cheat the gallows.

Scrawled on a sheet of grocer's paper, which was pinned to the dirty cloth on the top of the chest of drawers was this—

I stabbed Robinson and then took off his coat and cap and put them on myself. I carried my own things away in a bundle. Why did I do it? For a reward I got. Let the man or woman who finds this destroy it, or God's curse be on his soul—it has been on mine.

It was a humble serving wench who found this. Being Irish, superstitious, and kind-hearted, she carried out the suicide's wishes.

Who were his confederates? That *never* came to light. His wife is burdened with more romance than she wishes for. At present she is an inmate of overcrowded Hanwell Asylum.

THE END.

"Mr." Fowler on the French Tommy Atkins.

BY "TROOPER TOMMY ATKINS."

I HAD an extremely pleasant surprise the other day when I came face to face in Paris with my

Ex-Comrade Fowler.

He was not, it is almost needless to say, in uniform, but sported the most glossy of silk hats and swagger frock-coats that I had seen on the Boulevard for some days, as the Frenchmen don't know how to dress worth a hang, however nice their womenfolk may look.

"What on earth brings you here, and in this kit?" was my first greeting.

"Well, Burglar,

since you ask so nicely, the train from Charing Cross to Dover, the boat from Dover to Calais, and the train again from there to Paris. That 's how I came—why I 'm in this clobber is because a rich old uncle wot lived down in Camberwell 'as popped orf suddint, and left me a tidy bit of splosh, so I 've

Come Over to See Paree.

"How do I like it? Well, it 's a bit of allright and don't you forget it, plenty of fun and no 'arf-past twelve wheeze about the 'ouses. I can't 'elp laughin' though at those bloomin' swaddies, though I suppose as 'ow I shouldn't.

"You see, I came along from Calais with a

Hofficer of Chassoores,

I think, was the name 'e said. Any'ow 'e was dressed up in a sky-blue tunic all astrachan and braid, lace and silver buttons, a

Pair of Crimson Rice-Bags,

that fitted where they touched, and a pretty little toy sword. Lord, but 'e was a swell, and looked just as if 'e 'd been picked off a Christmas-tree in the Lowther Arcade! Of course, I looked at 'im—sorter eyed 'im up from the top of 'is 'ead, with ev'ry 'air plastered down, 'is moustache waxed out fit to kill, down to 'is little varnished daisies. I wanted to 'ave a 'bar' with 'im, but I

Don't Know this Bloomin' Lingo,

so I 'ad to 'old my 'and a bit and watch the leadin' file like. Presently 'e takes out a cigarette-case from 'is trousers' pocket—fancy a trousers' pocket in uniform;—and offers me one, speaking d——d good English, too! I was a bit flabbergasted, 'cos I never thought a French soldier could gas away in our tongue. Anyway, I took 'is fag, and then we began to argue the point a bit. 'E said I looked like a soldier—reckon 'e saw the

Swagger Mark on My Dial,

and then when I said I had been one, 'e wanted to know all about it. Blimey! if the little Jack-in-the-Box didn't know a deuced sight more than I did about the different crushes. Any'ow, he knew the difference in uniforms, and 'ow many men we 'ad in a squadron when a regiment is in the 1st Army Corps, and 'ow much hay and corn the 'orses get, all about this new arrangement of the depôt squadrons in the regiments, and what pay we got. He went on asking me 'ow this worked and 'ow that was done, and whether our manoovers was good, until I began to wonder if I 'd ever been a soldier at all: 'E knew a devil of a lot more than I did

About My Own Old Crush.

Then 'e started to ask me what I thought of the French army—whether they looked smart, if I liked their kits, and Lord knows 'ow much besides, until I wished to Gawd I 'd never seen the little butterfly!

"'Ah, my friend,' 'e said to me, 'you must wait a little bit and see our soldiers. They do not look very fine, some of them; but just see the others, our Artillery, what you call the "Gunners"'—fancy 'im knowin' that!—'our Dragoons and our Chasseurs—I 'm an officer in one of those regiments—you will then alter your mind. You may think our infantry are small, their clothes didn't look nice, like your English, but you want to

See Them March.

They carry twice as much nearly as your infantry, but I 've seen them go all day without a single man falling out, like the other time when those men died in England on the march down to the New Forest manœuvres.

"'You know here every man nearly has been in our army, and so we don't take so much notice of them in the street; but I tell you one thing, and that is they are not refused what they order and wish to pay for, no matter in what café they go.

A Soldier Here

is as good as any other man. If he wants he can go anywhere in his uniform, and no one will think him beneath them. What your fine, smart fellows cannot do, eh?

"'No, and it is a pity, but some day they will.

Some Day You Will All Have to be Soldiers,

I am sure of that!'

"This was 'ow 'e went on for I don't know how long, and I can tell you that I now think 'e 's about right. Any'ow, I 've been looking under the uniforms here a bit—at the men that wears 'em, I mean—and I think there 's some good stuff there. They want waking up a bit, though, so 's to make 'em walk like the soldiers they are.

"I 'm going to see my little friend to-morrow, and 'e 's going to take me round one of the barracks; so if you care to meet me somewhere in the evening I 'll tell you what I thinks of them."

(To be continued.)

IN THE JAILER'S ROOM AT BOW STREET: "They test that sort of quartz with heated mercury, to discover the mica deposits." A sudden flash of light seemed to come into the detective's eye.

"THE KLONDYKE CASE": A LAW COURTS SENSATION.

THE MOST PROMISING METHOD.

Clara: "Isn't there some way by which they say you can see the face of your future husband on Hallowe'en?"

Practical Ida: "If you have selected the party you might ask him to call."

MURDER WILL OUT.

"When did they discover that the burglar was a woman?"

"When she looked in the glass to see if her mask was on straight."

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

Mrs. Bloobumper: "How did the detectives happen to suspect him, disguised as he was in women's clothes?"

Bloobumper: "He passed a milliner's shop window without looking in."

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

GOOD-BYE, OLD JUBILEE YEAR!" You presented us with much that will live long in our memories, and pleasantly too, but despite all your sunshine and brilliantly illuminated gaiety, you were associated with enough of sadness to prevent the feeling of regret that you have gone being one of absolutely unmixed character. Certainly we are all a year older, and that—to some of us, at least—is enough to create a thought not entirely agreeable, but with all else bright we could bear with that. However, a truce to despondency! We must take the rough with the smooth, and

Look Always on the Sunny Side,

for life is too short for anything else. So, gentle readers, if the black cloud should at any time in 1898 hang over you, be not dismayed, but divert your thoughts to the silver lining beyond. Make light of the sorrows that must at some time be borne by every one of us, and much of the joys that, after all, if we only seek them, outnumber everything else. I am afraid this all sounds like so much sermonising, and perhaps I might just as well have started with the wish I now write down, that the year which is ushered in on Saturday of the present week will prove one of

Happiness and Prosperity to You All.

In writing thus, I am sure I express the sentiments which everyone connected with the *P.I.P.* would wish to convey. The strong support accorded what has been described in more quarters than one "the best pennyworth to be obtained anywhere" is sufficient proof that the efforts of Proprietors and Editor have been appreciated. To those who are responsible for the production of this paper its success in 1897 is immensely gratifying, and I can safely say that no stone will be left unturned in the endeavour to keep as strong a hold on the affections of the public in the New Year as in the past.

"An Old-Fashioned Christmas,"

with fog to begin with, frost so white as to make one think of snow, and sunshine breaking up the gloom before mid-day had been reached, Christmas Day, in the London district at any rate, presented us with a wintry picture the like of which we are wont to associate with the term "old-fashioned." And a very pleasant experience it was for a time to vast numbers. To a great extent, however, the frost discounted the pleasure of football players. At Plumstead, those representing respectively

Woolwich Arsenal and Tottenham Hotspur

slipped about, and with difficulty attacked or defended, while spectators revelled in an atmosphere almost as genial as summer. The game was one in the United League competition, and victory went to the "'Spurs" by three goals to two. As may be imagined play was of an uncertain character, but it served to interest some 5000 persons, who certainly might have spent the early portion of the festive day much less profitably.

Millwall Athletic and Reading

met on the ground of the former, which was bathed in sunshine yet hard as iron. The home side proved victorious by two goals to one, and deservedly, as they contended with the better skill against the conditions which prevailed. The intentions of the promoters of the

Charity Match at Tufnell Park

were, unfortunately, very much interfered with. Between 3000 and 4000 tickets had been sold, but if the fog had kept away there is little doubt that a considerable amount would have been taken at the gate. A match was played between Bakers and Sweeps, and though no one obtained more than an occasional sight of the play, all seemed to take the disappointment in the best possible spirit.

League Matches

in the First Division were six in number, and each commanded a satisfactory attendance. At Goodison Park the Aston Villa team were entertained by Everton, and beaten by two goals to one, a result which offers further proof, if that were necessary, of the advantage of playing at home, as in Birmingham the Villa beat Everton by three goals to none. At Blackburn, some 20,000 witnessed the match between the Rovers and Sunderland, and the majority were in high glee, as the home team won. Bolton Wanderers, on their own ground, beat Liverpool by two to none, while at Derby victory went to the visitors. Notts County, by two goals to one. The Notts Forest team had quite a different experience at Deepdale, where Preston North End beat them by three goals to none. The other match was at Sheffield, the Wednesday team beating Stoke by four goals to none. As usual, the

Serpentine Swimming Club

arranged a handicap for Christmas morning, but with fog over everything and the lake covered with ice there was nothing for it but postponement. So the event stands adjourned until Saturday in the present week.

Bank Holiday

was a busy day for football-players, and the enormous number of people who attended the various matches shows how greatly this form of entertainment is appreciated by the masses.

At Bramall Lane, Sheffield, 37,389 Persons Paid

to see the match in the League competition between Sheffield United and Sheffield Wednesday, the "gate" amounting to nearly £1000. A draw of two goals each gave plenty of opportunity for discussion of the comparative merits of the teams without, however, giving a definite line from which to draw conclusions. There were 25,000 at Anfield Road to witness Liverpool and Sunderland play, though the weather was none of the best. Sunderland proved successful, as also did Derby County over Bolton Wanderers at Derby, where 18,000 persons assembled. As on Christmas Day, the Aston Villa team could not score a win, but they escaped defeat, their opponents being Wolverhampton Wanderers. Stoke gained a creditable victory over Bury. In the Second Division, Woolwich Arsenal were in a measure compensated for their defeat on Saturday, as they beat Lincoln City at Lincoln by three goals to two.

Preston North End v. Corinthians.

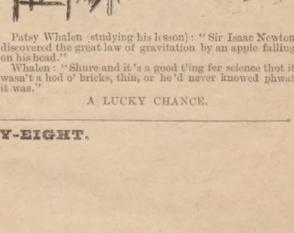
This was the opening match of the latter's Christmas tour, and it proved very interesting to the 6000 persons who took up their positions on the Deepdale ground. The result, after some excellent play, was a draw of three goals each. At Northumberland Park the Tottenham Hotspurs again enjoyed the sweets of victory; but Millwall Athletic, opposed by Stockton, could not claim more than half share of honours.

Top Hats and Bonnets

at Caledonian Park was, I am glad to say, a success, and the cause of charity benefited. The costumes were very funny, but much of the play was of good class and interesting. Bonnets (otherwise those attired in female costume) won by five goals to three, but the Top Hats didn't mind being beaten by such members of the "softer sex." With the

Rugby Game

the sloppy state of grounds was very prejudicial, and in some instances no attempts were made to



Patsy Whalen (studying his lesson): "Sir Isaac Newton discovered the great law of gravitation by an apple falling on his head."

Whalen: "Shure and it 's a good thing for science thot it wasn't a hod o' bricks, thin, or he 'd never knowed phwat it was."

A LUCKY CHANCE.

IF YOU WISH to be FORTU-NATE, SUBSCRIBE to the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT.

SKATING AT LITTLEPORT ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

carry out fixtures. A notable match brought off was that between Richmond and Edinburgh Wanderers, played on Scottish soil and won by the Scotchmen. Llanelly received a visit from Edinburgh University, who had to put up with defeat. Whether the good things of Christmas had or not been unwisely indulged in by Cardiff and South Shields, the fact remains that the play in this match at Cardiff was very rough and boisterous. The home side, Cardiff, won, and under the circumstances this was, perhaps, just as well.

The South London Harriers' Walk

from South Croydon to Godstone and back was the programme this year, and though the roads were greasy no one grumbled. The walk proved especially interesting to E. F. Moates, who won, and to S. H. Brocklebank, who with a long start secured second prize—his first. All deplored the absence of the late Arthur Slade, and all welcomed E. Knott, who has apparently completely recovered from his recent accident. Keen appetites there were at the dinner which came after the walk, and a good day rationally spent was the general verdict of the "Irrepressibles" and their friends. It is announced that Cambridge University will, in the course of 1898, receive a visit from an athletic team of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Skating Sketch at Littleport

was made by the Special *P.I.P.* Pastimes Artist, who took the train down from London on Christmas Day. Had he been recognised, our popular contributor would surely have been welcomed by the hospitable skaters of that district to a more seasonably ample Christmas dinner than the humble meal of "bread and cheese" he tells me he had to put up with. Christmas Day was, unhappily, "a frost" for him in more senses than one. He was soon rewarded, however, with a thaw, and congenial fare.

Lady Cyclists at the Aquarium.

With an amount of judgment upon which they are to be congratulated, the management of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, have arranged another series of international races for ladies on wheels. The competitors include many old favourites, and racing began before a large company on Monday. It is, I believe, a fact beyond dispute that the ever courteous secretary, Mr. J. W. Wilkinson, is about to take unto himself a wife. If he but prove as good as a husband as he has done as the Aquarium's most able officer, the lady will, I am sure, never regret changing her name. Both have my best wishes.

BANSHEE.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT DARGAI.

THE GRAND NEW TABLEAU AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

An Attractive Novelty at Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks show in the Marylebone Road is the gallant exploit of the Gordon Highlanders, represented in the vivid style depicted by a *P.I.P.* Artist. Celebrated in prose and in verse, this manful stand of British troops on the North-West Frontier relieves the gloom of the inglorious progress of the Lockhart Expedition.

THE PENNY LAWYER.

Christmas has, happily, furnished few knotty questions from our readers. Those queries that have come will be answered next week. "Lex" will be happy to reply to short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor," 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses—in confidence. Replies given to names or initials, as desired. Questions must be written on one side of the paper only. No replies can be sent direct by post.

THE RACING WORLD.

FRIENDS, fellow-citizens, and *P.I.P.*ians, permit me to wish myself

Good Luck in Searching for Winners

during the year about to cross our threshold. I want to be fortunate that you may all benefit by the result of my weighing up form, market doings, and the sort of information received, on which I have so often proceeded to anticipate the judge's placings in big races. Our old friend 1897, with whom most of us will be having a final handshake, not to mention a parting glass, on the last Friday in his calendar, was not unkind. We will hope that

1898,

who will be a biggish lad by the time flat-racing starts at Lincoln, may use us as well.

This ought not to be too easy a year for a bit of a prophet like your humble servant. Horse-racing does, it appears, so flourish in other countries that

Foreign and Colonial Owners

mean to desert their own lands as fields for operations, and concentrate their energies on attacking our Turf. Good! Let them come. Come one, come all. You won't find our racing folk in more hurry to fly than the typical rook the poet had in his mind's eye in what I fear must have been a very uncomfortable position, seeing how even a tiny bit of grit hurts you. We hear of American horses and Australian horses, Frenchmen, Italian, and Russian, all under orders to scoop our pools. The big world has always been free to do this scooping, and aliens have succeeded often enough. We do not often grumble if we are beaten. Certainly, a word or two is said

About the French,

who will not play fair with their flat races. They can run for all of ours; only a very few of theirs are open to British competitors. Americans do well here; Australian nags have won in their turn. The more the merrier is our motto. And, after all, we are winning all the while. French horses win. Do they? What are called French horses land, but

They are English, You Know. Quite English,

if bred across the Channel. If their fathers and mothers did not come from Perfidious Albion, their grandsires or granddams, or perhaps a generation further back, were made in England. Yankees take our prizes now and then—why, certainly—and each time a notch is cut on the American weapon to score another scalp lifted—please understand I write figuratively—a good mark goes to the credit of some more or less celebrated English equine family. The same it is with Australia. The student of Colonial Turf lore, who has his coltish calendar at his fingers' ends, can crack with our home-staying youth, whose homely wits have been turned to the consideration of strains and crosses, taproots and claims of long descent as regards the stud-book. Free and easy America is at one with our Continental brother sportsmen of more or less Republican principles, and the Austral-Colonials who dare not be anything but democratic in a loyal sense; but, if you can understand such a blend, all are worshippers of blue blood. They take for their Debrett and Burke

The Thoroughbred's Peerage, "Weatherby's Stud Book,"

Let them race as much as they please, they do us good all the while, for they come to England to buy and replenish their stock. We find, or did find, their horses, and we found them jockeys. Now and again an alien professor turns up and makes his mark, as

Tod Sloan Has.

But is the great little Tod much of an alien? Surely no one would contradict you if you said he was Irish, or ought to be. Let them all come. We shall know pretty well about them, and perhaps win when they do.

Unless we are interfered with by the anti-sport party, this ought to be a specially interesting year, and a prosperous one too.

The Great British Public's Interest

and active patronage grows and grows. John Bull is catered for more and more liberally. Rich men are coming forward to take the places of old supporters, dropped out through one cause and another. The Turf capital has seldom been so great.

Racing Never was Straighter

than at present, and, to cut a long story short, when I wish all readers of the *P.I.P.* a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I do so confident that at least one section, the sporting, are pretty sure to see the wish realised. We hear a good deal about this, that, or the other tending to lower our horses' quality, both the flat-racers and the jumpers. I am not in accord with any of the lamenters. What we have is good enough for me. With a very cheerful estimate of our prospects I shall start my New Year's labours, being quite certain that our Turf never was in sounder condition.

BENDIGO.

Schoolboys Like "Chums" and "The Boys' Own Paper" as well as ever, and look for both every in the holidays. *Chums* for Christmas week was particularly inviting. Besides many other interesting features, it contained the lively opening chapters of a brisk new serial story, "Pursued by Three," by a favourite *Chums* writer, Arthur J. Daniels, illustrated by A. Monro; "True Yarns of Diving Heroes," by Walter P. Wright; a seasonable chat with Mr. George Conquest, king of pantomimists (with portrait); with a supplement of tricks, experiments, riddles, indoor amusements, etc. Hooray for *Chums!*

"P.I.P." CYCLING HAUNTS.

PASSING BARNET CHURCH, ON THE ROAD TO ST. ALBANS.

See "How the World Wags."

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I BEGIN by wishing my many kind readers

A Very Happy New Year!

May it be prosperous, too, if God will. And if we are able during the course of '98 to help but one "lame dog over a stile," to brighten one life, or to influence one person for good, and no one for evil, we shall be able to feel that the coming twelvemonth has not been wasted.

The New Year's Dancing Season,

heralded by many a merry Christmas party "hop," promises well for the young folks—especially for the sweet girls verging on young womanhood to whom a dance appears to be the supreme delight of the festive season. Whether my young friends living in town—sated, mayhap, already with the magnificent spectacles offered at Olympia (which fairly takes the Macaroon), at Drury Lane, and at the Garrick, or charmed afresh by the melodies of "The Geisha" and the musical drolleries of "The Circus Girl" and "La Poupée"—choose their evening costumes at Tarn's, in South London; at Swan and Edgar's, in Regent Street; or Peter Robinson's, or William Whiteley's, I trust they will, one and all, secure their heart's desires—good partners for the party or, better still, for ever and for aye.

The New Year's Ball-Dress

of which I present a sketch to my readers is the freshest and most up-to-date costume I have seen. It has the advantage of being modest and most fashionable at the same time. To me its sweet simplicity is also a great recommendation. I believe in modesty of dress as well as in gentle modesty of manners. This costume reflects great credit upon its clever and tasteful makers, Messrs. A. and L. Thorpe, the Court dressmakers, of 117, Westbourne Grove, near Whiteley's. The gown is of white bengaline, bodice and sash of tulle, and is suitable to a young girl. It is embroidered with silver paillettes, and decked with a spray of roses and lilies-of-the-valley on the shoulder. By the way, are we not deeply indebted to the South of France for the beautiful violets and roses sent to us from that sunny land to cheer our dull winter?

Coiffures for the New Year

bid fair, stallites will be glad to hear, to be less

NEW YEAR'S BALL-DRESS.

Oxford Street, W. I prefer hair as well as complexion, as you well know, to be of Nature's own giving. But it is a decided advantage at Floutier's to those who have attenuated locks that, whichever one of the fringes appeals particularly to you, it can be had all ready for use from M. Floutier, and you can, consequently, be quite independent of Nature, while the back of the coiffure is arranged for by one of those "Indéfrisable" chignons which have the all-important distinction of never requiring re-dressing. You

A Marriage

of special interest to our Devonshire readers has been arranged between Miss Baker, eldest daughter of the well-known barrister, Sir Sherston Baker, Bart. (Recorder of Barnstaple and Bideford, and one of the Examiners to the Inns of Court), and Mr. James McCarthy, of Co. Kerry, the Director-General of Survey to the Siamese Government. Mr. McCarthy came to Europe for the Jubilee celebrations with the King of Siam, of whom he is an intimate friend, and will shortly return to this country for the wedding.

I Have Now Some Correspondence

to attend to. A girl very pathetically asks me how she is to prevent her cheeks and nose from getting red when she is in a warm room. I can sympathise with her because, when I was a girl, I used to suffer in the same way. I have no doubt that the dread of this flushing, which my correspondent feels when she first enters the warm room is in some degree the cause of it. She must remember how great is the effect of mind over matter, and if she were to learn what tricks the disturbed nervous system of women plays with their circulations, and, therefore, with their complexions, she would know how useless it is to try to

Cure Flushing and Red Noses

with cosmetics and face powders. But, in addition to the endeavour which my young correspondent must make not to think too much about how she looks, and about what people will say if her pretty complexion is rather spoiled (but only temporarily, she must remember) by a flush, she must be careful about one or two matters. The first thing is not to think about it too much; for the next I recommend her not to drink wine or ale at dinner if she is going out; and when she is dressing for the evening, to be very careful to put on warm underclothing, and on no account to let her

Corsets or Dress-Bodice

be the least tight. In fact, she should let them be even a little freer than usual. Also, her feet must be warm. If thin stockings and shoes are worn, she should wear under the former a soft and warm pair. Cold feet have a very close connection with a flushed face and red nose. And it is not well to dress in a cold room. Keep as much as possible

Merritt: "What do you think of the woman with a past?"
Cora: "At Christmas she is likely to be won by the man with a present."

THE GREAT LEVER.

tissue-paper. If the flush makes the face shine, rub it gently with the paper again during the evening, but be gentle; and do not eat ices. A cup of really hot tea or coffee would do you more good. But if there be

Nervousness and Self-Consciousness,

even the above precautions (for there is no cure, until you are no longer self-conscious) may not prevent the flushing. Try not to think about it, and you will be surprised to find how soon it will subside. Have you ever read

"Heart's-ease," by Miss Yonge?

Violet used, in that interesting story, to have such hot cheeks from nervousness, and you might like to read about her. Let me know how you get on at the entertainment, and I wish you a very Happy New Year.

Alderman Sir Stuart Knill

has presented to the Guildhall School of Music a magnificent silver Jubilee commemoration cup, in memory of his mayoralty. The cup is to be held one year by an eminently deserving student, whose name will be inscribed upon it, and who will also receive a silver medal. The first award has been made to Miss Maude Clough, the contralto who sang with so much success in the

THE NEW YEAR'S FASHIONS IN HAIRDRESSING.

high, and therefore much less likely to obscure the view of the stage beauties from those who have the misfortune to sit behind Mesdames of the Eiffel coiffures, cousins to the thoughtless ladies who will persist in wearing towering hats, elaborately beplumed, at matinée performances. I had the discomfort to sit immediately behind one of these vain and egotistic personages at the first performance of the captivating "Cinderella" at the Garrick on Monday, and I am sure I lost some of the fun and practical joking going on entirely through my view being obstructed by the massive headgear. So much annoyance is occasioned at matinée performances by these monstrous hats, so profusely over-trimmed and over-feathered, that I make a special appeal to all my readers to discard such irritating headgear when they visit a playhouse or any place of entertainment. A small, closely fitting toque is by far the best—or a tiny bonnet, such as women with good taste wear. Leaving "the head and front of my offending" friends with the objectionable hats, I return to the

Becoming Style of Hair-Dressing

delineated in the specimen coiffure I am courteously permitted to copy from the *Lady's Pictorial*. Mr. Vincent made these sketches at M. Eugene Floutier's popular establishment, 18, New Oxford Street. By the way, that "Regina" knot is in itself an invaluable aid to hair-dressing; it is always ready for use, and can be affixed in a moment, the result being a coiffure smart enough for any occasion. Of course, it is all the better to have the hygienic Pompadour fringe to keep it company, and the cost of both is comparatively moderate. The fringe is, you must know, made on an entirely new system, and without any foundation, so that the natural hair can be drawn through and mixed with it.

should specially notice the sketch which shows the front view of

The "Regina" Coiffure,

which is the leading novelty of the season, while next you see the view of the back, and last of all you have the aspect of the coil when off the head, and thereby get a better idea of its symmetry. The combination of the popular Pompadour effect, with the high loops and twists, is wonderfully good; and the "Regina" coiffure is likely to attract a goodly number of new clients to 18, New Oxford Street.

THE "REGINA" KNOT.

In an Even Temperature

for some time before the entertainment begins, and about an hour before dressing time have your face, first with hot water, not too hot, but not merely tepid, and immediately after with cold; then dry gently with a soft towel, and when dry dust very lightly with a pure face powder, but rub it gently off again after a minute or two with a bit of clean, but crumpled

Aunt Fanny: "Goodness, Tommy! What a lot of toys Santa Claus has brought you!"
Papa: "Yes, indeed! Tommy has toys enough to last him a couple of days."

A LIBERAL SUPPLY.

recent performance of the "Golden Legend" at St. James's Hall.

I have a pretty story to recommend. It is called

"Peace with Honour,"

by Sydney Grier. Edna Lyall's "Wayfaring Men" is also very popular, but I do not think that it is nearly as good or as interesting as her former novels.

I had the great pleasure on Dec. 20 of hearing the celebrated reciter,

Mr. Clifford Harrison,

give Dickens's immortal "Christmas Carol" in the presence of a large audience at St. James's Hall. It was an arduous piece of work, but nothing could be finer than the way in which Mr. Harrison gave it.

Now, I must look out for a recipe for a tasty dish or two. Here is one which has been sent to me. It is a combination of

Mince and Omelette.

You begin with the omelette. Put three whole eggs into a basin with half a teacupful of milk, and beat both well together. Then take any cold meat you have, free it from skin and fat, and mince it; and, when done, mix in a tablespoonful of chopped onion and the same of finely chopped parsley, a little pepper, salt, and thyme, and half a teaspoonful of nicely made melted butter.

Put the mince to warm whilst you make your omelette as follows: Melt just enough butter in a frying-pan to cover the bottom of the pan, and as soon as the butter frizzles, put in your

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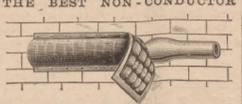

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Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.

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eggs and milk, and allow the pan to stand on a hot part of the stove until it is set and nicely browned; then hold the pan in front of a clear fire to brown the top. When this is done, put the omelette on a hot dish—spread the hot mince on one half, fold the omelette over and serve at once. This week and next I am going to give little poems, one addressed to boys, the other to girls. "Ladies first"; and the name of the little poem (which applies, I know, to many a sweet girl-reader of the *P.I.P.*) is—

"Girls that are Wanted."

The girls that are wanted are home-girls,
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile and a soft word
The household anger away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost,
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts:
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest lives.

The above is taken from the "Young Folks'" page in *Home Words*. And now, with Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol" still ringing in my ears, I cannot do better than say, with dear little Tiny Tim, "God Bless us, Every One," and good-bye to 1897, and a hearty welcome to '98.

MARGUERITE.

WELL NAMED.

Tipton: "Hello, Biddles! On your way to the club?"

Biddles: "No; I'm going home to my summer sunshine."

Tipton: "What do you mean by your 'summer sunshine'?"

Biddles: "Oh, that's my wife. She makes it so hot for me, you know."

ART STUDENTS' CARNIVAL FETE AT THE GOLDSMITHS' INSTITUTE, NEW CROSS.

Art Students' Soiree at the Goldsmiths' Institute.

THE great institution founded by the Goldsmiths' Company at New Cross was very gay on the occasion of the third annual Art Students' Soirée, when an attractive programme had been provided. "Illustrators Illustrated" consisted of groups of figures prettily arranged in such tableaux as the "Queen of Hearts," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "A Japanese Group," and living pictures from Hugh Thomson, Kate Greenaway, E. A. Abbey, and Burne-Jones. After these took place a procession around the great hall, headed by the courteous and energetic secretary, Mr. J. S. Redmayne, B.A. Then a short concert was given, and Mr. Drury (who is the Sculpture Instructor) sang Handel's "Where'er You Walk" (Semele) very artistically (as becomes the creator of the fine statue "Circe"), and Mr. Bernard Higham gave a good rendering of Wieniawski's Violin Concerto. The audience next enjoyed a good series of cinematograph views; and the Art Students' Band, under the guidance of Miss Eustace, gave a few interesting selections. The costumes were excellent, and much admired by all the visitors. These were made by Mrs. C. H. Fox, the well-known Covent Garden costumier. In fact the whole evening was an unqualified success. Whilst we are noticing this fête, we cannot lay too great a stress on the splendid work being done by the Goldsmiths' Institution. It has instructors for everything, from dressmaking and type-writing to telegraph, engineering, and gymnastics. Technical education is the only means whereby we can hope to compete with the ever-growing competition of Germany and America; and it behoves fathers to see that their sons and daughters attend such classes either in the day or evening.

Mrs. Newlywed: "I'm going to sprinkle a little poison on this piece of angel cake, and put it where the mice can get it; I think it will kill them."

Mr. Newlywed: "Why, of course it will! But why do you put the poison on it?"

HER OWN CAKE, TOO!

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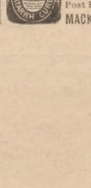

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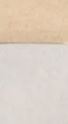

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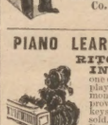

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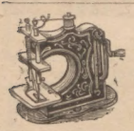

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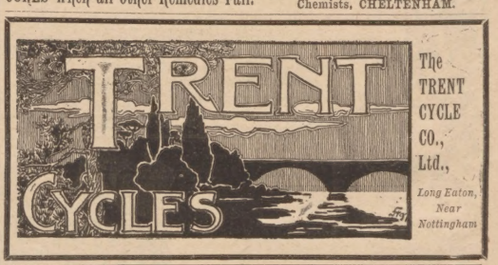

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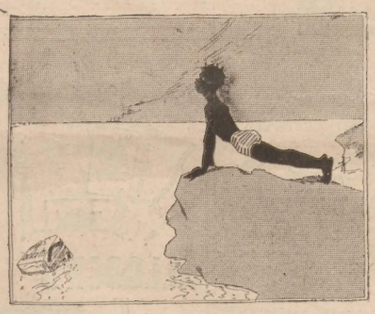

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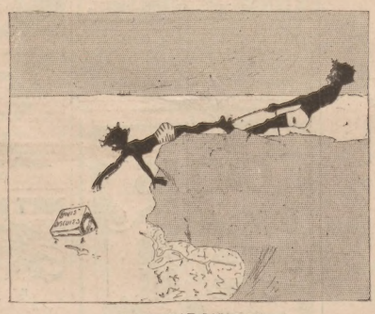

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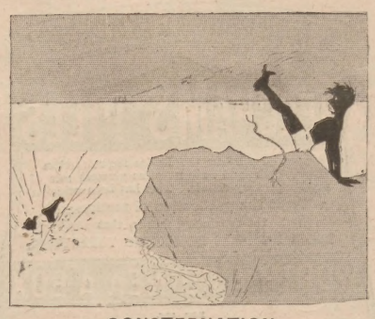

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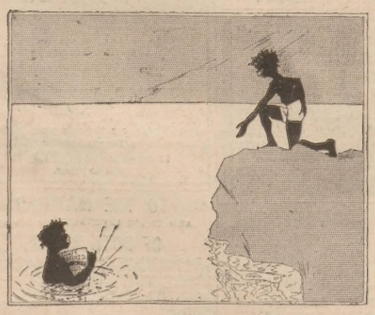

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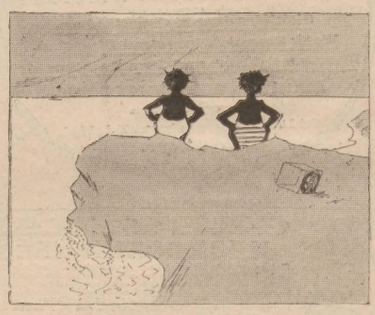

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